JOHN BULL 2½D

VOL. LXIX 1826

MIRACLE HOSPITALS OF THE WAR

WATCH THE MIDDLE EAST By A.G.G.

WASTE THAT MUST STOP

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

# 15/- becomes 20/6

*How so?*

A 15/- National Savings Certificate grows in value until at the end of 10 years it is worth 20/6.

*Do I pay any Income Tax on this increase?*

No. It is entirely free of Income Tax.

*Where do I buy Savings Certificates?*

From any Post Office, Bank, or Trustee Savings Bank; through a Savings Group or from shops acting as Honorary Official Agents.

*How do I buy Savings Certificates?*

You can buy them outright at 15/- each. You can also purchase them by instalments by buying 6d. or 2/6 National Savings Stamps.

*Is there any limit to the number I may hold?*

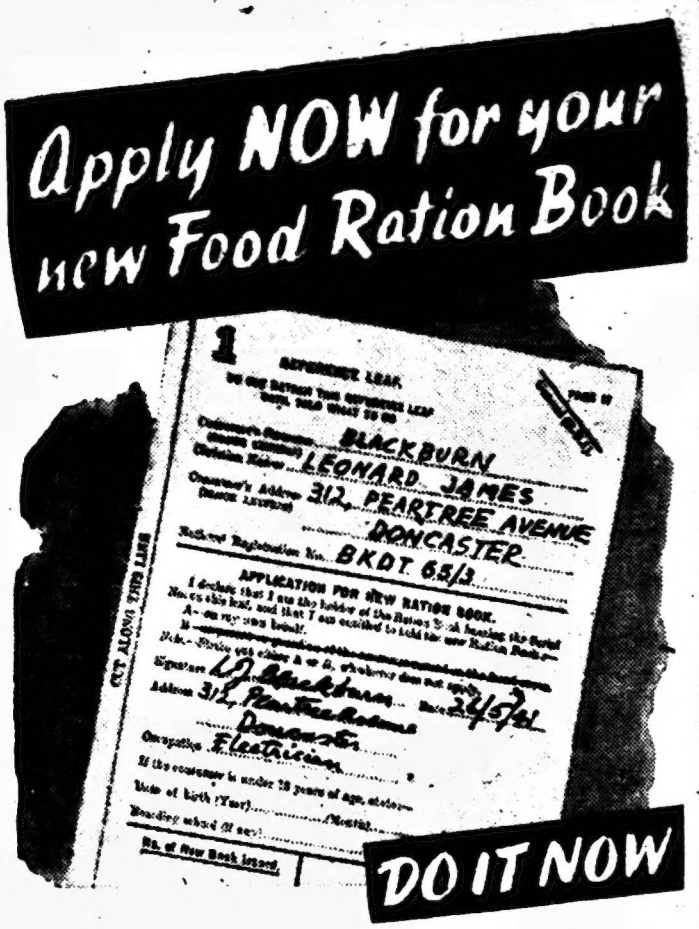
No individual may hold more than 500 Certificates.

*Can I get my money back if I need it?*

Yes. You can cash Savings Certificates at any time. You will get your money back with the increase which your Certificates have earned up to that date.

# National Savings Certificates

*Issued by The National Savings Committee, London*




**TAKE a look at your ration book application card (you'll find it at the back of your present ration book). It doesn't look very complicated, does it? You wouldn't think it was very difficult to fill it in correctly? Yet 8,500,000 people filled it in wrong last time! 8,500,000 applications had to be re-done!**

**That mustn't happen again. It's the duty of every one of us to fill in our postcards carefully to prevent this regrettable waste of time and money.**

**Follow these instructions as you write and you shouldn't have any difficulty—but do it NOW.**

(1) Fill in the REFERENCE LEAF (the postcard in your present ration book) in block letters. Make certain that the postcard is your own.

(2) If the holder of the ration book is under 18 give the date of birth.

(3) *The address at the top should be the same as the address on the front cover.*

(4) *The address at the bottom should be where you are living now or are moving to before the end of July.* Put the name of the Food Office for *this* address on the other side of the postcard.

(5) Fix together the cards for your family with an elastic band or piece of string and *post* them. No stamp is necessary.

(6) If you are not now living at the address shown on the front of your ration book or have changed your name on marriage or are in any doubt at all about how to fill up your card, call at your local Food Office **BEFORE** filling it in.

(7) If you are the head of a boarding-school or institution with a number of residents using ration books, consult your local Food Office.

**CHECK IT UP! SEE IF IT'S RIGHT! AND POST IT!**

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1.

Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted flavour, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself—and what a lot you get for 2½d.

**Mars 2½d**

# What do I do...

## to protect my children against Diphtheria?

I remember that 3,000 children die from Diphtheria every year—yet inoculation gives almost complete protection. So I take advantage *now*, in preparation for next winter, of the Ministry of Health's plan for free inoculation of children between 1 and 15 years. I apply right away to my local Medical Officer of Health, to my own doctor, to the School Medical Officer, or to a Child Welfare Clinic. They will tell me what to do. If my children are evacuated, and I am asked to give my consent to their inoculation, I give it at once.

**Cut this out—and keep it!**

*Issued by The Ministry of Information*
*Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society*

**100% tough!**

She's a "Weetabix" man. He owes his abounding energy and sturdy constitution to Weetabix, a food he loves. This unique, energy-giving food, for young and old alike, contains the essential vitamin B.1, and the vital mineral salts of sun-ripened Wheat. It is wonderfully palatable and sustaining.

Weetabix can be eaten dry, served with hot or cold milk, spread with jam, marmalade, fish or meat pastes, sardines and other savouries, at any time of the day. Always ready. No waste.

**Weetabix** Standard Size 7½d. Double Size 1/1d.

**More than a Breakfast Food!**

Weetabix Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants.

*Still made from pre-war stocks of fine tobaccos carefully selected and stored in large quantities to ensure that the De Reszke standard of quality is maintained*

**20 FOR 1/1D**

10 FOR 6½D

CORK-TIPPED AS WELL AS PLAIN

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 14, 1941.*
*93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true"*

## EVICTED

**Among the saddest letters reaching us are those from people who are being turned out of their homes—and cannot think why.**

**Typical is: "The strange gentleman who called said we would have to be out in seven days. We've always paid our way, and we've been in this cottage thirty years."**

**"When we demanded a reason, we were told it was no business of ours."**

**We know the reason, as a rule. But we cannot tell the readers who ask.**

**The nation is building aerodromes gigantic in number and gigantic in size.**

**It is essential that we do not blazon to the whole country why we are requisitioning land and everything that is built on it—which would mean betraying the whereabouts of the sites long before the first aeroplanes arrived.**

**BUT let people who are to be dispossessed be told nicely. Less of the "no business of yours" stuff, please.**

**AND a little more effort to find alternative accommodation!**

**The puffed-up little rabbit who told a worried woman "*I'm* not paid to search for houses for you" can never have had a real home.**

**Straight from the Shoulder**

# WE CAN DO BETTER

COL. KNOX, Secretary of the United States Navy, calls for a miracle in warship production.

We don't need miracles here. We need something more ordinary—common-sense.

Common-sense demands that we should not waste time by holding inquests on our past mistakes. We should take steps to prevent such mistakes happening again.

### Curate's-Egg Defences

Our position is not so bad as some Jeremiahs suggest. It is not so good as some rosy-monocled gentlemen in Whitehall would have us believe.

It can be made a lot better.

The defences of Britain itself need swift improvement, as the Government has tacitly admitted by appointing a high officer to overlook the R.A.F. ground defence.

### Invasion Tests

We have had long enough warning since the first invasion talk started.

The Home Guard has passed its first birthday. We have seen the Nazi invasion tactics tried out in Norway, Greece, Libya and Crete. And they have proved deadly.

**They might have been tried out here but for the victory of the few R.A.F. boys in the Battle of Britain.**

### Up Their Sleeves

Now the Nazis boast that they have other tricks in store for us.

**We should be fools to doubt it. We must reckon that those tricks will be equally difficult to counter.**

Are we being sufficiently energetic in our preparedness? Hard thought is needed.

### Crash Landings

Possible landing grounds for Nazi troops are not only the big fields and flat stretches. Nazi airmen are trained to crash-land almost anywhere.

So our anti-invasion experts should survey Britain again.

Is the Home Guard getting the best possible training?

The "best possible" should be obvious enough in view of recent events.

### Show the Home Guard!

Most of our regular troops are now fully trained. To prevent their getting bored, picked regulars should become training instructors for the Home Guard.

**The Home Guard would have to co-operate with the full-time Army in event of invasion. Start that co-operation now on a big scale!**

Picked veterans of Greece and Crete should be brought home *now* for this work. Men who really know!

### Bayonets and Bombers

**The bayonet is no match for a tank. You've got to get your Germans out of their tanks before you can use the bayonet.**

**The rifle is no match for the heavy bombers that pound an airfield before the troop-carriers arrive.**

Our troops—Home Guard included—must have more anti-tank guns, more anti-aircraft guns.

### No Maginot Line

We must arrange for speedy repair of damaged aerodromes and their defence by first-class, highly trained men.

There should be constant research and practical work on combating every possible Nazi invasion device.

Not an hour should be lost. Every square mile of the country should have its own defence.

There is a danger of regarding our coastal defences as a sort of Maginot Line.

**It was the Maginot Line mentality that lost France. It was the neglect of aerodrome defences that led to the disaster of Crete.**

### Time-Lag

We have wasted time also in our war industries. They are the second line of our defences, the first line in our coming offensive against the enemy.

They are often held up by inefficient management, bad transport, and lack of co-ordination in supplies of raw materials.

### Manage the Managers!

The Labour Party Conference heard details of some factories that had more men than they needed and others that were starved of labour.

It still goes on. It must be met by firmer State control.

### Factory Homework

One man has worked at an aircraft factory for fourteen months. He tells us that one in twenty operators take home every day some model aeroplane or pocket lighter they have made during the day.

"You will no doubt blame the management," he says. "You will be right, for the management allows its skilled men to lounge about."

**But we also blame all the workers at that factory. Do they really need to be regimented and bullied to prevent some of them from slacking?**

### General Holiday

At a new Government factory that is in course of construction many of the men spend Saturday morning in the canteen.

"It isn't worth working a short shift," they say; "anyhow, the foreman doesn't mind."

But you can bet your boots that they are quick to blame the Government when our troops abroad are defeated for lack of arms.

### Coal Shortage

Coal production lags behind. Few of the promised dumps have been built up. Important works are "short" of fuel.

What is the trouble here?

**Firstly, 50,000 miners were called-up for the Army. A stupid mistake that can be rectified.**

Those men have had military training. They should now be released for pit work. They can be recalled as soldiers when and if they are needed to fight.

### Pit Police

There are complaints of absenteeism in the mines. They have been exaggerated. What offenders there are can be "policed" by fellow-workers.

Some industries are too particular about the type of coal they use. A simple change in plant would enable them to use other kinds that are more readily available

### Greedy Services

Miners as well as other war workers are often debarred from work just because they cannot get to it. 'Buses break down and cannot be repaired for lack of spare parts.

Here, again, men should be released from the Services to provide those spare parts.

JOHN BULL repeats that the Services are taking too many skilled artisans—you will find further examples of this folly on page 4.

### Three In One

Transport must be more closely co-ordinated. Road, rail and waterway must all play their full part in a national scheme to speed-up the carriage of goods and thus speed-up arms production.

But there is no sign, as yet, that this scheme is in preparation. There is no sign of the mighty impetus in production that our leaders led us to expect.

### N.B., Mr. Churchill

We must quicken our efforts. And "we" includes the Government, the Services, and the rest of us whose part in the war is passive but not unimportant.

The Government has been slow in exploiting our successes. It has allowed the Nazis to invade Syria. It has enfuriated the public by wishy-washy excuses for our "masterly withdrawals" and "glorious defeats."

It has wasted precious months perfecting A.R.P. and fire-fighting services.

### Up to Us

Parliament is too interested in the eloquence of debate than the grave criticism that prompts the eloquence.

Our people are too slow to recognise that far greater sacrifices, far greater inconvenience, must be suffered if we are to smash the Nazi might.

**So don't let us just blame the Government, Service commanders, our factory managers. We should blame ourselves for not having done a bit more in the past—and make up for it in the future.**

Even if it's only by saving a bit more "waste" and growing a bit more food. By marking time we are wasting time.

*(Continued overleaf)*


**AIR RAIDS!**
**GAS ATTACKS!**
**INVASION!**

***A Free Insurance Policy, underwritten at LLOYD'S, for every reader***

*Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull" Insurance Department, 129, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

# Behind the News

● **Darlan has failed to win French Army confidence. Fearing further trouble, he has appointed anti-British naval yes-men to all key posts, but this has merely increased army distrust.**

● *To win French women's support Nazi agents have begun a campaign of threats that unless this is forthcoming no prisoners of war under thirty-eight will be released.*

● As a direct result of the Raschid Ali debacle, more than one Nazi plan behind the Syrian scene has been thrown out of gear.

● **Nazi setbacks both in Iraq and Iran by British action have also damped down high-pressure propaganda after Crete stressing the invincibility of the Luftwaffe. Arabs are comparing Nazi statements of illimitable resources with simple fact that defence of Crete prevented resources stretching to Baghdad.**

● *Carefully hidden from German public are Hun air losses for first 20 months of the war. Official R.A.F. successes total 6,027 with losses in Poland this means a loss of at least 27,000 "first line" airmen.*

● **U.S.A. experts say British claims are too conservative. They put the Nazi losses—including crash landings but excluding training accidents and sabotage—at 20,000 machines.**

● **Though Goering may be making good his machines, doubts increase about the quality of his new pilots.**

● *Appointment by General Franco in most strategic positions in Spain of men who have consistently refused "invitations" to Germany have caused more than annoyance in Berlin.*

● **U.S.A. Atlantic patrols and coast defence have cut out almost all Nazi facilities for using America as a listening-post from which secret wireless reports of Allied ship movements were sent home.**

● **Working swiftly, U.S.A. fleet units have been handing out a series of shocks to Nazi agents who thought they would soon be able to operate a chain of secret air and submarine bases among the West Indian Islands and Central American coasts.**

● *Berlin and Tokio are showing nervousness at steady growth of Dutch co-operation with the Allies—men, munitions and ships—both in the East Indies and with the armies and navies in the west.*

# STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

*(Continued from preceding page)*

PUBLIC anger is apparently considered by the authorities to be as short-lived as the public's memory.

They've forgotten the row we all kicked up last autumn, when so little was done to clear up bomb damage.

Cardiff had some of its streets badly blitzed on January 2. No attempt has been made to clear away the ruins, broken bedsteads, old iron—and the army of rats that have made their appearance.

## Looking On

In the heart of London, a bomb fell in a roadway a month ago. A small bomb—it didn't even break near-by windows

But road repairs were necessary—and they've been in progress ever since.

**Sometimes the workmen work. But usually they just "stand and look."**

Meanwhile, an important road is closed to traffic.

## Money Talks

So we'd like to know what has happened to those mobile repair gangs that the Ministry of Works promised us.

Another question for the Ministry:

Why has a blitzed branch of a chain stores been rebuilt in a London suburb?

**Small shopkeepers in the same area are refused permission to rebuild.**

## Rents Rocket

New result of the blitz and human cupidity: office rents are rising by as much as 100 per cent.

Well, the remedy is obvious. Extend the Rent Restriction Acts to business premises.

## Injustice

Some people whose property has been requisitioned by the War Office are being paid less than the rent they are bound by lease to hand over to their landlord.

**So they not only lose business and suffer inconvenience, but have to pay for the privilege.**

War Office, please note.

## Waking Up

**Big extension of overseas propaganda is planned by the B.B.C.**

**Three thousand translators, lecturers, producers, artistes and technicians have been added to the staff.**

## P.M. Takes a Bite

Mr. Churchill has himself been considering the food situation.

**We forecast that he will authorise an extension of rationing. Necessary, also, are controlled prices for all foodstuffs.**

For example, at one shop you may buy a tin of stewed steak for 1s. 6d. At the shop across the road you'll be charged 2s. 6d.

## Going Up

Take another example—the humble beetroot. Five weeks ago it sold in London for 3d. It has risen by a penny a week to 8d.

No wonder it sometimes looks livid!

## Splitting Difference

Of course, there are anomalies even in controlled prices.

Herrings are about the only kind of fish that poor people can afford nowadays. Controlled price is 7d. a pound, but if they are split open and the heads chopped off they fetch 1s. 6d.

**And in many poor districts only the split ones are sold.**

## He's in the Army Now

Builder employing forty men was very busy on patching up Coventry when his call-up papers arrived.

After much clamour by a Government Department and local councils, he was granted three months' deferment of service.

**But then he had to go into khaki, despite big repair jobs that he was under contract to finish.**

## Sequel

Yes, he's still in the Army, for all the urgent need for builders.

**He wastes his time on such jobs as making toys for officers' children.**

## Home Defence

**We know that the Services want men But we are not satisfied that a proper balance is drawn between the needs of the Services and essential war industries.**

**For example, a die caster making aircraft components has been put into a home defence battalion.**

## Wasted Skill

One man in the R.A.F. was an architect and quantity surveyor—the sort of man who'd be useful in aerodrome building.

The R.A.F. has trained him as an aero engine fitter. But his *work* is to refuel aircraft—a job any labourer could do.

## No Release

We need ships as badly as we need air to breathe. Urgent work awaits a ship's plumber who now drives an ambulance in Sunderland—a job that could be done by a woman.

But he cannot get permission to leave.

## Unloading Lorries

Last example: Process chaser on anti-tank shells is now in the Army; his firm cannot secure his release.

Yet he's only unloading Army lorries.

## Long Wait

Put the right man in the right job! *And* speed up the available work!

Master carpenter, called up under the trade recruiting scheme, sold his London business and reported at Birmingham.

He was sent back because, as an employer, he had no insurance card. "You'll hear from us in a week's time," he was told.

**That was a month ago. He's still waiting to hear.**

## The Slackers

Marine engineer received an urgent call to inspect a damaged coal ship. Men were detailed to shift the coal so that he could make his examination.

**When the Alert sounded, they trooped ashore and entered a tavern, stayed there until the All Clear.**

They repeated the process during the afternoon. Next morning, the engineer was at last able to inspect the ship, and found it to be seaworthy.

But it was then too late to join a convoy.

## In Debt

**A soldier's wife has received an Army allowance only since March, though her husband joined up last December.**

**She has fallen into debt, for she and her two children have all been in hospital, and she has been summoned for rent.**

**She has been trying for months to get her arrears of Army pay. Perhaps this note will help her.**

## Steel Shortage

JOHN BULL reporter, travelling by train, saw at a "halt" near Stockport a huge dump of Anderson shelters stacked in sections and rusting.

There were also sections of wooden huts rotting in the wet.

**"They have been there for months," said the guard.**

## Penalised

**Middle-aged man, invalided from the Army, entered a Government training centre.**

He fell ill the other day. "Four days in bed," was the doctor's order. He went back after only one day.

**But the centre has punished him by deducting two days' pay from his packet—plus lodging allowance for one day!**

The Ministry of Labour's director of training must see that this high-handed victimisation does not happen again.

## No Compensation

Mrs. Bone, a Barking woman, is another victim of foolish officialdom.

Her husband was killed in an air raid. She cannot get a civilian war pension because he was not "gainfully employed."

**He was merely a permanent invalid whose health had been shattered by Army service!**

## Home Guard Compulsion

Strange hints are going around about compulsory recruitment for the Home Guard.

Very strange, in view of the experience of a JOHN BULL writer (you know his name well) who is a fit man and knows all about trench mortars, 13- and 18-pounders, 4.5 howitzers, "flying pigs" and "toffee apples."

He served in the last war with a battery that Lord Haig said fired more rounds in an hour than any other.

## Not Wanted

**He has twice tried to join the Home Guard. But he's not wanted because he's not accustomed to the use of sporting guns, rifles, or revolvers.**

**Of course, the Home Guard would try to deal with Nazi troop-carriers with sporting guns.**

# "UNLIMITED EMERGENCY"

**IN urgent need of the power to take quick action, President Roosevelt, whose country is not yet—officially—at war, declared a state of "unlimited emergency."**

**We shall have been at war for two years next September. Our emergencies are not only unlimited, but immediate. Nevertheless, there are many limitations to the exercise of our Government's almost unlimited powers.**

Performance lags far behind promise. For instance, in spite of Lord Reith's assurances, we have not yet dealt with the "delayed action" profiteer.

At the risk of their lives brave men constantly dispose of unexploded bombs and land mines.

But there is a devilish "land mine," timed to go off after we have beaten the Nazis, which ought to be disposed of at once.

It is being cautiously approached. It is being—we hope — examined from every angle. It is still a public menace.

**IN OTHER WORDS, JOHN BULL IS TO-DAY WARNING THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PUBLIC AGAINST THE LONG-TERM SPECULATORS, WHO HOPE TO FEATHER THEIR OWN NESTS AT THE EXPENSE OF THE COMMUNITY AFTER VICTORY IS WON.**

**Without Fear or Favour**

★

**By THE EDITOR**

There were far too many of these cunning and greedy opportunists in the last war. They plundered the country of untold millions in the piping days of the so-called peace.

They made their profits out of war conditions, but they cashed them at their leisure.

They bought up building sites and houses; they "invested" in mortgages and leaseholds; they hoarded cars and many other things which had been in short manufacture and were bound to increase in value.

They squeezed their dirty bargains out of hard-up people in hard times.

**NOW they are at it again! Unless they are stopped in time they have a better chance of bigger plunder than ever before.**

***They MUST be stopped. Lord Reith has assured Parliament that they will be.***

**JOHN BULL is not satisfied. We want to put these profiteers out of business once and for all. We demand immediate legislation which will dispose completely of this particular "land mine."**

Let us consider some facts. Private building came to a standstill in the last war, and it has done so in this one.

During 1914-1918, however, destruction of property caused by enemy action was trifling. This time it is already colossal, and its ultimate total beyond calculation.

Imagine, then, the possibilities of peace-time profits for the sharks, who buy up land and houses and bombed sites and mortgages and so on to-day.

**WERE THEY LEFT FREE TO BUY NOW AND SELL LATER JUST AS THEY PLEASED, THEY WOULD BLEED THEIR NEIGHBOURS WHITE AND—FAR WORSE THAN THAT—THEY WOULD DESTROY OUR SUSTAINING HOPE OF BUILDING A BETTER BRITAIN.**

**No Government could overlook so obvious and grave a menace. Ours has not done so. Lord Reith, in setting up the select committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Uthwatt, made it clear that national reconstruction shall not be sabotaged by profiteers.**

And yet, in spite of reassurances; in spite of the recent report by the Chartered Surveyors' Institution that it can find no evidence of widespread speculation in bombed sites, or of similar "sinister and anti-social activities," JOHN BULL remains uneasy.

*History reminds us that, after the Great Fire of London, Wren's noble plans for rebuilding the City were frustrated by the land speculators of that period, who had bought up derelict sites and held out for wicked profits.*

Now London has been ravaged by many fires and battered by countless bombs. Many more of our great cities will give future Sir Christophers an unequalled opportunity to establish order and beauty and utility in place of wreckage, muddle and ugliness.

Let us, therefore, make certain without delay that their plans, though still undrawn, shall neither be thwarted, nor even cramped, by any private greeds.

**JOHN BULL INCLINES TO THE VIEW THAT PARLIAMENT CANNOT GRAPPLE SUCCESSFULLY—AND FINALLY—WITH THIS HUGE PROBLEM WITHOUT FACING THE ISSUE OF THE NATIONALISATION OF THE LAND AND THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.**

We do not wish, however, to fog the immediate issue with political controversy. All we want *now* is swift legislation to convince the would-be profiteers that their game is not worth the candle.

In regard to London, the City Corporation is already considering the outright purchase of "the most valuable square mile in the world" at a cost of about £200,000,000.

We do not know whether the City would be "cheap" or "dear" at the price, but we are strongly in favour of the civic ownership of all essential urban areas and reconstruction sites—failing, or pending, ownership by the State.

Meanwhile, the Uthwatt Committee, in its first report, is understood to have recommended that, where any local authority wishes to acquire land for rebuilding, it should be empowered to buy it at its presumed value in March, 1939.

*JOHN BULL would like to see this recommendation adopted. We should consider it an important first stride towards the principle of national ownership.*

Some private owners might be hard hit, but millions of small traders and ordinary citizens are being hard hit *now* for the sake of the community.

We must, in fact, be prepared to put up with individual hardship—subject to right of appeal and adjustment—for the sake of the country as a whole.

But it is *not* enough—nor even nearly enough—to hamstring the speculators in bombed-out sites.

**AT present there seems to be no control, and no contemplated control, of deals in land and property as between one private individual and another.**

**Apparently the Uthwatt Committee takes the view that speculators can gamble in this field at their own risk and just as they choose.**

**We do not. JOHN BULL wants to see some wide and daring law enacted which takes, as its solid basis, the principle that no man, or business combine, or vested interest of any kind whatever, shall be allowed to build up to-morrow's profits out of the dire need of to-day's distress.**

Land and property purchase are tangled up in innumerable laws, regulations and precedents. The tangle was devised by generations of lawyers long since passed away.

It cannot be beyond the wit of "live" lawyers in this year of grace to untangle, or to cut through, all these legalistic complications.

**THE State is bound in duty to protect its citizens. It has no right to let unlucky folk, waiting for war damage compensation, sell either their property or their rights to greedy sharks with ready money.**

*Indeed, we advocate an immediate statement of the principle that land, bombed-out sites, house and business property, and, for that matter, every article and commodity which may acquire a scarcity value during the war, be valued by the State at pre-war figures, and that any profit thereon be forfeited to the National Exchequer.*

If some such principle were adopted by the Government forthwith and boldly announced; if the would-be long-term speculators were then convinced that they would never be allowed to cash their paper profits, the ramp that is now starting might be stifled at birth.

JOHN BULL remains utterly confident in our final victory. Sooner or later we shall make peace with a beaten Germany that has shaken itself free from the Nazi yoke.

**BUT WE MUST WIN THE PEACE AS WELL AS THE WAR. WE MUST NOT LOSE TO VESTED INTERESTS WHAT WE SHALL NEVER YIELD TO HITLER AND HIS GANG.**

Our present emergency is unlimited. Now is the time to use "unlimited" powers to forestall and prevent its future exploitation.

HUMAN MACHINE

## Forget the Word!

● **You can learn from anyone—even from your enemy.**

**The Germans, for instance, have taught the world one very thorough lesson in this war, that the word "impossible" is a silly word and should not exist in the vocabulary of any self-respecting person.**

**Almost everything they have accomplished had been previously dubbed "impossible"; but what those who shouted "impossible" really meant was *almost* impossible.**

**That is a mightily different thing, and the Germans have demonstrated over and over again that when a thing is *almost* impossible, it is still capable of accomplishment by the application of a little more ingenuity, a little more preparation, a little more endeavour.**

**"It is not a lucky word, this same 'impossible,'" said Carlyle, "no good comes to those who have it so often in their mouths."**

**Old Samuel Johnson also disliked the word. "Few things," he remarked, "are impossible to diligence and skill."**

**And further back still an old Roman philosopher said: "Nothing is so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking."**

**So, you see, right from the beginning there has been general agreement that to confuse difficulty with possibility is only an excuse of those who don't really intend to try!**

**That is why we're all so fond of saying "impossible." It is because we're so unwilling to face the hard labour of thinking.**

**It's nothing to be proud about. The sooner we cross the word "impossible" out of our dictionaries and forget it, the sooner we can begin to respect ourselves.**

# OPEN LETTERS

### Lt.-Gen. Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—After the Old School Tie, it seems, trails the Business Banner.

**Young staff sergeant, recommended for a commission by his captain and major, was turned down by the colonel because he "had not occupied an executive position" in civilian life—though he had run his own business!**

Almost as silly a form of snobbery as to give a man a commission just because he had been to Eton.—JOHN BULL.

### Lord LEATHERS, Minister of War Communications

MY LORD,—You know a lot about shipping, so you ought to be able to give our seamen a better deal.

Give them, first, a spot of leave. They'll appreciate that more than anything else.

A tanker put in at Liverpool the other day with 15,000 tons of oil—a perilous cargo in war time. The owners offered leave passes, for some of the crew had had only two and a half days' leave since last August.

But the captain said "No." And the men had to stay aboard though Norwegian seamen can go ashore whenever they reach port.

Darned unfair, you'll agree.—JOHN BULL.

### Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Heaven knows, you've been patient with those industrialists who are prejudiced against women labour. But I hope your patience is wearing thin.

**Women of Leeds, Middlesbrough, Stockton and other big towns just can't get jobs locally when they leave your training centres.**

Many of them cannot leave home to work hundreds of miles away, so they have to go on the "dole."

It's all wrong that local employers should be able to boycott them.—JOHN BULL.

### Maj.-Gen. J. BUCKLEY, Controller of Army Economy

DEAR GENERAL,—At an Army workshop men asked for paraffin to clean the lorries. "There's no paraffin," said the sergeant-major, "so you'll have to use petrol."

That happens at quite a few depots, but you should find it easy to stop

Just threaten that any N.C.O. responsible will lose his stripes!—JOHN BULL.

### Air Chief Marshal Sir A. LONGMORE, Inspector-General, R.A.F.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—With Crete sadly in mind, you should be able to help the air vice-marshal chosen to overlook the defence of our air stations.

**Is everything possible being done to protect them against the dive-bomber and parachutists?**

**Is the R.A.F. ground defence manned by picked, highly trained men?**

On the answers to these questions may depend the safety of Britain.

So much for the defensive. As important, obviously, is the offensive punch of the R.A.F. that seems our best chance of achieving victory.

**We're getting the machines. We need more men.**

So you will, I hope, press for far bigger training schemes for pilots and gunners.

**I know of young men, accepted for pilot training, who have been waiting six or nine months for that training.**

**No employer will take them on. They are having to live on charity or the "dole."**

**"You may be called up any time," they are told. Any time never seems to come.**

**Yes, I know that thousands of new pilots are being turned out. But we want tens of thousands, and I look to you to see that they are forthcoming.**

Your new job as Inspector-General will be as important as you care to make it. Make it one of the most vital in our war effort!—JOHN BULL.

### Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—To annoy you, I give a further example of your "having-it-both-ways" attitude.

**A man, just recovered from a serious illness, was passed fit for the Army. After ten weeks in his unit, he broke down again and was discharged.**

**He can't get a pension because of his medical history. And he is having to "keep" his wife and child now on 7s. 6d. a week insurance benefit.**

You might at least try to find him a job. But though much has been said of your "rehabilitation" scheme for discharged Servicemen, I have never found any evidence of it. Nor, apparently, has he.—JOHN BULL.

### The CORPORATION, Bath

GENTLEMEN,—No wonder you're feeling blue. After tearing up your old tram rails, at a cost of £2,500, you are offered only £220 for them by the Ministry of Supply.

**It seems to me that as the Government needs them for making guns the Government should pay the expense of making them available.**

After all, this war isn't the private affair of your ratepayers. Rub the point home!—JOHN BULL.

### The COUNCIL, Hornchurch, Essex

DEAR SIRS,—It might do you good to read one of those Dig for Victory circulars that you help to distribute.

**Asked to turn waste land into allotments, you answered that it was used for grazing. "Was" is right, for there were two horses on the land for a week in January, but none since.**

There *is* a fine crop of thistles, nettles, twitch grass, cow parsley and other weeds.

Unfortunately, you are not the only civic heads who cannot realise that every inch of available land should be cultivated.—JOHN BULL.

### Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Your numbskulls who control evacuation schemes still have their heads buried in the dust of Whitehall.

Man in a frequently bombed Liverpool suburb moved his family to the country and applied for billeting payment. Then he learned that his wrecked house was officially reckoned to be in a "safe" reception area!

Is it asking too much of you to end this sickening stupidity?—JOHN BULL.

### The COUNCIL, Socialist Medical Association

DEAR SIRS,—Evidently you share my view that it's crazy to tolerate a shortage of medical men while hundreds of alien doctors here are debarred from practising.

Maybe some of them have methods that our own medical authorities view with disfavour. But at least they could be employed as dressers and clinical assistants.—JOHN BULL.

### Mrs. R. FREMLIN, Secretary, Association of Scientific Workers

DEAR MADAM,—I'm glad the "back-room boys" now have a trade union of their own.

It is preposterous that scientists—chemists, engineers and the rest who are helping us to counter the Nazis' ingenuity—should in many cases be earning less than labourers and unqualified technical workers paid as little as 22s. 6d. a week.

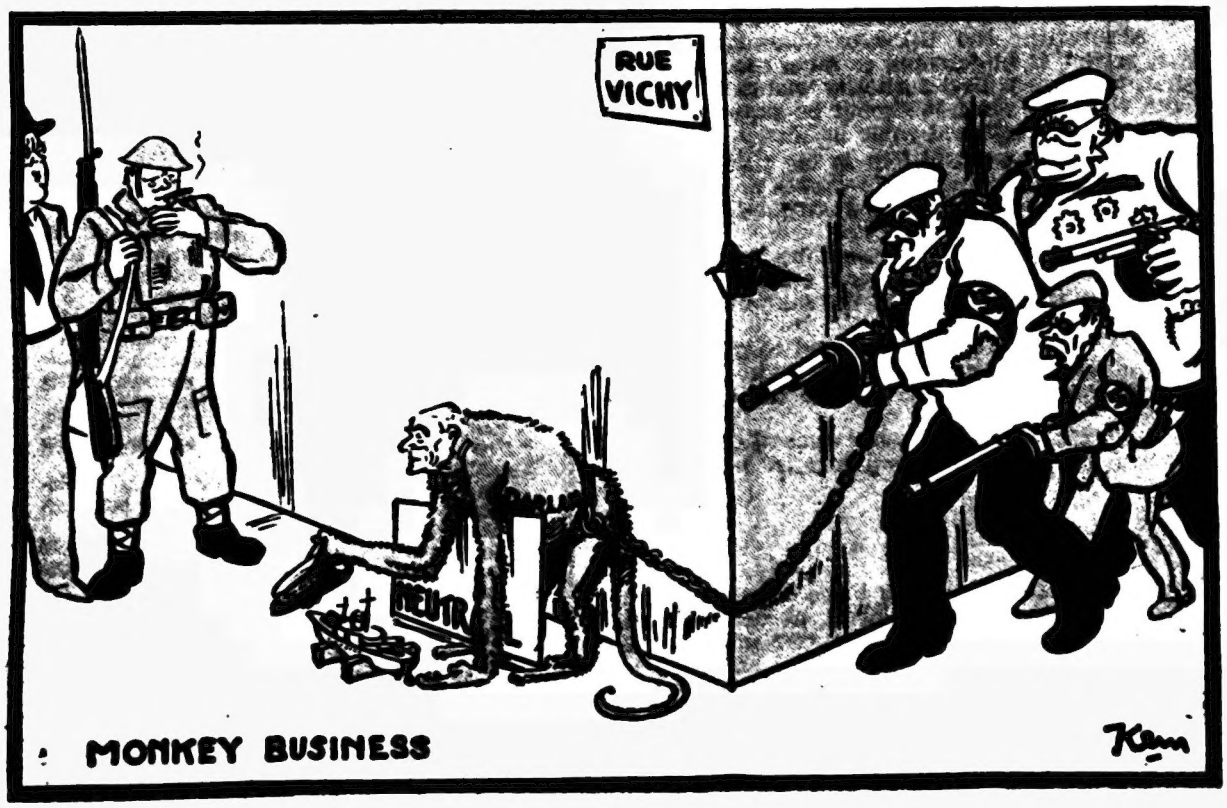
Good luck to their demand for better conditions!—JOHN BULL.

### Sir RONALD CAMPBELL, British Embassy, Washington

DEAR SIR RONALD,—So you're going to be responsible for British information in the United States. Well, that's an improvement—for hitherto only one Embassy official has been on duty for only two hours a day to answer questions!

**But it would be better still if someone in London had power to make the Service Ministers release news swiftly for both the U.S.A. and Britain.**

I don't wonder the Minister of Information threatens to resign.—JOHN BULL.




MONKEY BUSINESS

**MICHAEL CLOUD, continuing his epic stories of Britain's night-fighter pilots, tells of a ghost from the past who sped into action in a phantom biplane to save the life of his son. It ranks with the famous visions of the Great War**

# The Ghost Plane over Kent

*Perhaps the pilot's father somehow gained his last wish, and took the flight he longed for, hurtling his old biplane once more against the foe*

JUST as other physical traits pass down in families from father to son, so does the peculiar sixth sense known as "the feel of the air."

It is a rare gift; many of our greatest pilots have not got it.

The few men who possess it can tell, for instance, whether they are flying on an even keel in blinding fog.

They can tell (though the altimeter cannot) if, while flying low in bad mist, they are heading towards a mountainside.

Bert Hinkler and scores of others no less brilliant have suffered fatal accidents from the lack of this strange sixth sense.

**In one of our most famous night-fighter squadrons is a lad who is famous throughout the R.A.F. for his amazing "feel of the air."**

**During the retreat to Dunkirk, he won fame by going up in solid yellow fog, and flying a vital message to a regiment that would otherwise have been cut off.**

His was the only aircraft to leave the ground that day; he found his way by flying, at ten feet up, *along roads*, zooming over houses, trees and villages, and then coming down just above the road again.

## *Landed on the Lawn!*

He found his way, flew in at the gates of a mansion that was the H.Q. he was seeking, landed on a lawn, saluted, and delivered his message.

Probably no other flier living could have got that message through that day, which saved hundreds of men.

**Later, in a daylight fighter patrol over France, the same pilot attacked a German aerodrome with a nearly bomb-proof roof by flying six feet up across the enemy airfield, too low to be hit by protective gunfire, heading direct at the open doors of the biggest hangar, pouring quickfiring cannon-shells inside and so wrecking half-a-dozen bombers—and then zoomed over the hangar roof and hedge-hopped away.**

He is a silent youth, and he looks on this war as his own particular picnic.

He has a debt to repay.

His father was one of the most famous "aces" of 1914-16. His name was ranked for a time with those of Ball and McCudden and "Sideslip Willie," Bransby Williams' son.

He shot down twenty-four German machines.

Then, trying singlehanded to tackle the famous Immelmann Circus, he was shot down, and completely paralysed as a result of injuries.

From 1916 to 1939, he lay, a helpless cripple, spread in a bathchair.

With longing eyes, he watched the R.A.F. grow its wings. Avidly, he read of air races, new records, great achievements by men with whom he had often flown.

His son entered the R.A.F. as a matter of course. When the boy "got his wings," the paralysed old man developed a look of intensity, of sick anxiety.

## *Craved a Last Flight*

Not because he was afraid that the air might do again what it had done to him; but because he lived with a secret craving—to be taken up for one more flight before he died.

The doctors forbade it. The invalid's heart was not strong enough to stand the strain.

Still the grey-haired figure in the bathchair used to say bravely that he would take a last flight one day, come what might.

Towards the end, he wandered, and talked constantly of the biplane fighter in which he had scored so many kills.

The boy in the R.A.F. inherited from his father that strange "feel of the air."

They said, in his squadron, that he could do anything, in his machine, that his brain could conceive.

His father died just after the war began—of a broken heart, it seemed, because he could not fly once more in this time of great need.

He never heard of his son's amazing achievements.

Then the son became a night-fighter He was one of the very first of the pioneers of this newest and most dangerous form of warfare, taking up a 400-m.p.h. terrifically wingloaded black 'plane, flying it blind, and getting it down again in safety.

In 1915, his father had made some of the first experiments in flying fast fighter biplanes at night. Fast, then, meant about 100 m.p.h.!

## *Facing Disappointments*

The son went up in pitch darkness, in blinding rain, in drizzling sleet. He could play tag in broken cloud or dazzling, tricky moonlight.

At first, however, he could not find his foe. For that depends, not wholly on magnificent flying or painstaking ground co-operation, but to some degree on luck.

There were many fruitless patrols, and sudden eager dashes up into the dark zenith, among the stars, only to learn later that the black-painted shapes of the great bombers had somehow slipped past.

Dogged willingness to face a thousand disappointments and still be on the toes to try again is just one of the qualities night-fighters must possess.

They must be willing to diet, to exercise, to cram with certain night-sight vitamins, to train and exercise and try and try again and again.

One night, as the twin-engined night-fighter roared along beneath the opalescent shimmer of the Milky Way, a message came pattering into the telephones over the pilot's ears.

Raiders approaching. . . . Height twelve thousand. . . . Course so-and-so. Speed 280. . . .

Immediately afterwards came the report from another listening-post. Then another.

**The black fighter went round in a tight turn, and its exhausts began to belch flames as it opened out to its terrific maximum speed.**

**Hurtling like a thunderbolt across the sky, it seemed alive, straining every nerve to make the deathly rendezvous in time.**

Within minutes, the tiny defender was scouring the sky where the enemy formation should have been.

But, once more, the heavens were empty except for great silver stars. Far below was a shining floor, like a stormy, silver sea.

Cloud. . . .

The British pilot put his nose down and power-dived through the cloud and below it, then zoomed up into it again, then roared to and fro among it.

Ground messages were still coming through, but he paid little attention to them now.

For that sixth sense—a sort of tingling of the fingertips and a rising of the hair on the scalp—told him that other machines were very near.

Whirling white fogbanks obscured the screen, and most other pilots would not have known whether they were flying upsidedown or banking or were level.

But this one knew. And he knew that the Germans were very close.

Without warning, a great black shadow passed above him and was gone. Then, instantaneously, he emerged into a glade of starlight—a sort of deep hole in the cumulus bank, illumined from the clear night sky above.

**And he was not alone. A *Junkers* bomber, three hundred feet higher, was approaching at speed.**

**As the British pilot pressed his gun-button, the whole of the cloudbank seemed to vanish like a curtain going up on a theatre drama.**

## *Among the Bombers*

Perhaps the cause was the hellish burst of gunfire that the night-fighter emitted; perhaps just some trick of the lost winds that moan for ever far up around the earth.

And the fighter found himself in the very midst of a formation of German bombers that must have numbered a couple of score.

Two miles behind them, flying rather higher, came another big formation of *Junkers*.

As if Fate meant to make no mistake in loading the dice against this solitary challenger of an air fleet, a cannon shell from a German machine burst near the British aircraft's tail, seriously damaging its steering and flying trim.

But the son of the man who had sailed alone into Immelmann's Circus was not going to use his greater speed to run away from something near a hundred enemies.

Zooming diving, stall-turning, using every fighting trick he knew, he kept his guns on the flock of Germar vultures that tried to close in on him.

Grenville's *Revenge* fought fifty-three Spanish galleons; this solitary night-fighter engaged—and held—machines that could concentrate on him simultaneously the power of several hundred of civilisation's most murderous quick-firing guns.

How many of them were damaged by the fiery tornado that the night-fighter poured out, like some flying dragon, no one will ever know.

Three German bombers from that formation were definitely brought down that night; it could not be ascertained whether the credit went to night-fighters or flak, as no one saw them fall.

But such a battle could not go on for ever. It had only one end, if the lone challenger persisted in a refusal to run.

**Lumps of metal went sailing off the fighter's wing; its petrol tanks were pierced; a bit of shrapnel as big as an egg crashed into the instrument panel and stuck there.**

## *Vision from the Past*

**And then, just as the Germans were drawing in to finish off this puny opponent, something happened.**

**Whining down into that starlit battle came a biplane with a badge of the Triple Circle.**

**It was a biplane of utterly obsolete pattern, with a canvas body, funny old high wings, and a single goggled figure in the cockpit.**

The British night-fighter sat for some seconds paralysed, gripping his stick—for as the biplane flashed past him, he clearly recognised his father.

He saw, too, that the biplane seemed to pass straight through a *Junkers*, ideally placed to give the night-fighter the *coup de grace*; and the *Junkers* disintegrated in the air and fell smashing down the black abyss of night as if someone had scattered a handful of bits from a broken toy.

Then the British pilot found his machine in a spin.

The damaged tail made it seem that recovery was impossible. But somehow the magic hands of the pilot pulled it straight—and at that moment the ghostly biplane roared past, and vanished.

The night-fighter was landed safely at another airfield, and the pilot made a stammering report to the Intelligence Officer.

**The bits of the shot-down *Junkers* were found in the area reported. None of the parts showed any damage from bullet or shell; and the night-fighter pilot said stubbornly that he had not fired the shot which blew it to bits.**

**No other British machines reported combats in that area that night.**

You have heard of the ghostly bowmen of the 1914 retreat, and of the Angels of Mons?

Perhaps the pilot's father somehow gained his last wish, and took the flight he longed for, hurtling his old biplane once more against the foe, to save his son's life? Or did the pilot, for one fleeting moment, merely dream?

## Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

# STOP THIS WASTE!

**CONFUSION, WASTE, and DELAY!**

**These words, used in a public report on aerodrome construction, describe the reckless and almost incredible fashion in which millions of pounds of public money have been thrown away since the war began.**

**Naturally, tremendous sums have had to be spent on aerodromes and other Government buildings.**

**But incompetence, over- and under-staffing, muddled instructions, lack of co-operation between Government Departments, badly chosen sites, unsuitable material, ill-equipped contractors and lack of proper supervision have caused a great deal of this money to be thrown down the sink.**

Loosely-worded contracts have provided loopholes for get-rich-quick contractors.

There has been a costly failure to take advantage of local expert advice in the selection of sites.

Far too much unskilled labour has been used, and goods ordered far in excess of requirements.

By contrast, there has been insufficient use of sub-contractors and appalling neglect in maintaining timber and other stores.

Labour and materials have not been pooled.

So, one way or another, squandermania has been rife.

*Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, Chairman of the Select Committee on National Expenditure, agrees that waste is rampant in war-production*

### Farmers Turned Out

A few days ago a reader informed me of Government waste and inefficiency in a certain area. The investigations I have had carried out provide a typical example of the crazy manner Officialdom often sets out upon a task of urgent national importance.

About a year ago Whitehall decided to erect a "shadow factory" in the midst of one of the richest agricultural centres of the country.

Farmers, one a hale man of seventy-six who has been there since boyhood days, were instructed to leave as the Government had requisitioned the land.

Surveyors arrived during the winter months, followed by civil engineers, contractors' agents, water drilling and drainage experts.

Many consultations were held and workmen engaged. Equipment was dumped on a site of about 300 acres and huts erected.

As the months passed, the district hummed with activity.

Suddenly, workmen ceased their labours; the surveyors, contractors and engineers departed. Bustling and noise died away.

### Site Left Derelict

Slowly, ordinary people in the neighbourhood realised that the site had been abandoned.

**It has now become derelict. Its rich soil has been sacrificed and remains unploughed, unsown.**

**There will be no "shadow factory" there now. All the Government expense and activity have led to nothing but trouble.**

And though so far no official explanation has been given (in fact, this is the first time the story has been told in any newspaper), I daresay the excuses will be:

Labour difficulties;

Lack of billeting accommodation; and

General unsuitability of site owing to the existence of "Running Sand"—a peculiar local geological formation which makes building construction costly and problematical.

The difficulty of transporting labour to such an out-of-the-way spot should have been obvious.

Anybody who spent an hour in the locality would have seen that billeting on a large scale was impossible.

Many local contractors, had they been consulted, could have told the original surveyors about the well-known snag of "Running Sand." Some have bitter experiences of past financial losses!

No; in the selection of far too many sites local inhabitants and landowners have not been asked for their opinion—a fact that the Select Committee on National Expenditure has criticised more than once.

In Southern England, land was requisitioned for the excavation of underlying stone for the construction of an aerodrome landing-ground.

Elaborate machinery was installed and huts were built under the seemingly efficient control of the usual small army of experts.

### No Tests Were Made

But just as suddenly, after much money had been wasted, the project was scrapped because the stone proved to be quite unsuitable.

**It had not occurred to any responsible person to test samples of the stone before getting down to work!**

I have evidence that many big tracts of land have been bought during the last two years for Service requirements—only to be abandoned after expensive work has been carried out.

In some cases buildings which had been requisitioned locally were left empty.

Very stupidly, land in the North Country was bought up. It covered about 160 acres and its seven owners were paid the princely price of £145 an acre for it.

Nearly £300,000 was spent driving poles into the ground, and more than £100,000 erecting sheds and other accommodation.

Then it was found that the site was just bogland, and drainage impossible!

Even a cursory glance at the reports issued by the Select Committee on National Expenditure would fill the man in the street with disgust and dismay:

Ordnance factory, scheduled to cost £6,000,000, cost £5,000,000 more before it was finished;

Storage premises, contract price £760,000, ran to an additional £3,311,000;

Excess cost of barrage centres over estimate—£1,394,000;

Camps to be constructed at £21,000,000, actually cost £80,000,000!

Money talks? Yes; and more so in Government circles than anywhere else!

Even small local contracts figure in the long catalogue of State bunglings and misadventures. Repair work necessary to certain roads was put in hand by the Admiralty, whose officials turned down the firm suggested by the local council.

### Broken-down Plant

The contract was given to a concern whose plant soon broke down and who did it so badly that, after months of time and money being completely wasted, the job had to be finished by the contractors named by the council in the first place!

I have one instance where a large Government contract was carried out in a fashion that would have been ruinous for any ordinary commercial undertaking.

**There was no one in direct control either at headquarters or on the site, and—with men and expensive plant continually idle—there was complete lack of proper cohesion.**

Yet nobody seems to worry about all this money running steadily down the drain. But somebody must be made to worry about it now that JOHN BULL has taken the scandal in hand.

Before the war is won the country will require every farthing it can find. The harassed taxpayer, who willingly sacrifices so much to provide the Exchequer with cash, has the right to know that it is being spent in a way that gives the country the fullest value.

*Next week Sir Wyndham will make further disclosures of Government squandermania and will suggest innovations that will end this great scandal.*

***★ The war is costing £14,000,000 a day. Through blunders, inefficiency and lack of co-ordination, huge sums are being frittered away.***

***JOHN BULL, now that its recent disclosures of food profiteering have yielded certain suggested reforms, turns its searchlight upon the scandalous waste of public funds.***

# You Have Been Warned!

WAR has brought loneliness to thousands, and for that reason the insidious growth of Friendship-by-correspondence clubs calls for special warning.

While some of these pen-friend enterprises may be run on genuine lines, too many of them become the happy hunting-grounds of people on the "make."

The "Get Together Club," run by Miss Beatrice Lancaster, of Cedar Road, Bedford, offers for a fee "Friendship, Romance and Happiness," with a "guarantee of results or money refunded."

★ ★ ★

"FRIENDS UNLIMITED" is another correspondence concern which offers to find you just the friends you need for the small charge of 4s. a year—ladies 2s. 6d.

It is run by Arthur Trevelyn White from a Monomark address, which suggests that he has no office premises.

★ ★ ★

AMONG others making great use of the post these days are members of the begging-letter fraternity, some of whom are earning as much as £600 a year from their lying activities.

One who until recently lived in style in a south-west London suburb has lately been making successful appeals to many well-known people. He netted £200 in a few weeks.

Writing to his victims and telling a pitiful story of how he was bombed out of his home, he relates that his wife and children were injured and his home destroyed.

This humbug has neither wife nor family, nor has he been bombed out!

He continually changes his address—so be on your guard!

★ ★ ★

YET another topical form of trickery is that of the plausible "seaman home on leave," who preys on soldiers at seaport towns.

His story is that he has plenty of cigarettes for sale, duty free. He does not smoke himself, and they are in his case at the local Seamen's Home.

Soldiers have handed over money and waited for the seaman to nip into the club for the cigarettes. Alas, he never returns!

★ ★ ★

THE big stations in London, Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester are also being haunted by cigarette tricksters, who watch soldiers unable to buy cigarettes at the kiosks, then sidle up saying: "I know where to get some for you, pal; shan't be a minute."

Once the unsuspecting soldier parts with his money the trickster disappears.

★ ★ ★

SWEETHEARTS and friends of men in the Services are being victimised by unscrupulous door-to-door salesmen who sell replica Service badges and brooches at anything from 3s. 6d. to 5s. each.

As a fair retail price for these is 7½d. to 1s., this is a particularly mean form of profiteering.

## PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*MRS. W. EMMETT, Derby Road, Prestwich, Manchester, receives this week's £1 1s. She provided me with some useful data which I used in a recent article.*

*Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address them personally to me at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

PIERRE LAVAL

GEORGES BONNET

PIERRE FLANDIN

FRANCOIS DARLAN

JACQUES DORIOT

MARCEL DEAT

# Rogues' Derby

## By VICTOR SCHIFF

A RACE, which may last a long time, started one year ago.

The winner will go down in history as the greatest scoundrel of France.

But this French "Derby" of Dishonour is being very keenly contested by a great number of runners.

It's a big field and the jockeys belong to several rival stables.

They hate each other.

Fact that two or three belong to the same stable is no guarantee that they will not indulge in foul play against each other.

**They may even change stables during the race and team with old rivals against old associates if they think that it may increase their chances of winning a prize.**

And prizes are offered by Adolf Hitler.

### The Stakes

Winner will be crowned "Gauleiter of France."

Other awards: Deputy-Gauleiter, Admiral of the Mediterranean Axis Fleet, Governor of Joint Franco-German colonies, Vice-Governor of the French Branch of the Reichsbank, and hundreds of other big and small jobs.

One of the riders made a flying start and, for a while, looked an easy winner.

His name was Pierre Laval. Tipsters whispered that he, and another jockey, Georges Bonnet, had been trained to the last ounce.

But Bonnet had been so wild and imprudent while cantering to the gate that he was almost left at the post.

He started many lengths behind the field and appeared to gain ground very slowly. But he has stamina and he is likely to make a good show in the finish.

**A very curious incident happened at the first bend: Laval, clearly leading the field, stumbled mysteriously.**

Backers of another horse, ridden by Pierre-Etienne Flandin, also a bad starter, seem to have thrown something and the flier Laval broke down.

Suddenly it looked as if Flandin was emerging from the vast field and taking the lead.

### Surprise Entry

Then a new runner unexpectedly appeared in the foreground and began to jostle him.

François Darlan was on this horse. He had not been trained for that race at all, and came in when it seemed to be mainly a matter of cunning and treachery.

**Under the curious rules of the Nazi Jockey Club everybody can enter the race, even long after the start, if he is approved by the stewards.**

What sort of promises Darlan made to these stewards nobody knows exactly, but they accepted him, although rather reluctantly at first.

The stewards' favourite, on whom most of the money was staked, was Laval. They were furious when Flandin ousted their favourite and took the lead.

Darlan apparently promised to kick Flandin off the course and restore Laval's leadership.

He brilliantly fulfilled the first promise. Flandin fell so badly that he retired from the race and is not likely to compete again, although under the Nazi Jockey Club rules one can never tell.

Darlan hedged on the second promise. The Nazi stewards summoned him several times and reminded him.

But Darlan said: "Why insist on Laval? Don't be foolish—he is an odds-on favourite, he is not worth while.

"I give you a tip: I shall win the race quite easily. The odds on me are still very long, because most people can still not believe that I am out to win.

**"So you can win much more on me than him. I'll help him to come in second, and I am even prepared to let your old favourite Bonnet finish third."**

The stewards did not believe Darlan at once. Laval warned them not to trust him. "Be careful," he told them. "This man in an awful crook, and, as you know, I am an expert on that."

"Darlan may suddenly break away and even cross to North Africa to join that fellow Weygand, who is always promising us to enter the race."

### Stewards Undecided

The stewards were still wavering. On the one hand they were inclined to believe in their odds-on favourite Laval, who certainly was their most seasoned expert on treachery. On the other hand they quite liked the long-odds proposition of his rival, Darlan.

Finally the stewards referred the problem to the Fuehrer of the Nazi Jockey Club.

So the race was then suddenly interrupted, and it was learned later that the entrant Darlan had been very thoroughly questioned by the Fuehrer personally.

Darlan must have passed the test very brilliantly because, when the race was resumed, the stewards allowed him to lead the field unchallenged, with Laval a good twenty yards behind.

**He is now hot favourite in the French Derby of Dishonour.**

Yet the race is long, many incidents may still occur.

And we must not forget the "dark horses" in the field—men like Jacques Doriot, ex-Communist, who still sees himself as the French Fuehrer; or the ex-Socialist Marcel Deat, small in stature, but with limitless ambition. Deat is perhaps the most dangerous of them all, for he is certainly the most intelligent.

# MIRACLE HOSPITALS OF THE WAR

**At last we have State hospitals, says *Maurice Fagence*, continuing his series, "How We Have Changed." The voluntary system may not survive the war. Whether the change is for the better, you must judge**

WE were all Conservatives two years ago—no matter how we voted.

We hated change.

That conservatism was particularly intense and unyielding in the hospitals.

"State control of the hospitals?" they used to ask. "A State hospital system? That *would* be the end!

"You'd destroy that incentive that makes everybody from the specialist down to the newest-joined probationer nurse think only in terms of sacrifice. The hospitals would be finished."

* * *

Well, State control has come.

The State divides the country for hospital purposes into regions, each region into areas, each area into districts.

And the State *pays*. Pays for all beds kept empty against eventualities, for treatment of the Services, A.R.P., sick evacuees—and many other things besides.

The nosey-parker State expects a daily return from every hospital in the country regarding empty beds, stretcher cases, sitting cases, and so on.

It can tell you, any mid-day, the exact situation in all the hospitals, or any group of hospitals, or any one hospital, at mid-day of the day before.

**The State has got its hands on the hospitals with a vengeance. It will never relax that grip. In fact, its fingers tighten.**

Every hospital must have its shadow hospital in case it is bombed out.

General hospitals find themselves specialist hospitals.

Working mothers find themselves moved into the finest mansion maternity homes in the land—have the same treatment and eat the same food as the women in adjoining beds who are paying Harley Street prices.

Hospital gets orders to help hospital.

Do you remember how ambulances used to refuse to pick up the sick and injured because they were in somebody else's area?

**The hospital muddle has been turned into a hospital system. No more rushing some poor creature from one institution to another until an empty bed is found.**

Day and night a thousand mobile hospital units wait, ready to set off at three hours' notice and replace the hospitals of any city in Britain, whatever the size—to turn a barn into an up-to-date operating theatre, if need be.

**The State has taken charge because we could never have gone to war with what we used to call a hospital system.**

And as for that loss of incentive that was to result among staffs, see for yourself.

Specialists are working ten times harder than ever in their lives before.

The system under which medical superintendents can send difficult cases into the area of the man who understands such cases best imposes a great strain on them.

They do not grumble. Their incentive was never higher.

* * *

Medical staffs earn five times their meagre salaries—and have no complaint at not getting it.

Nurses work as they have never worked in their lives before—through blitzes, even when walls disintegrate round them.

Stokers, kitchen workers, electricians, porters, work chronic overtime—not always with overtime money—and fight the blitzes in their spare time.

Which brings us to the biggest of all the changes that war has wrought in our hospital system: *Even the higher executives of our hospitals now say that the hand of the State should never be withdrawn.*

They go on with a bigger job in a vastly more efficient way.

One sees many other changes.

There are tremendous staff problems. In particular, there is a grave shortage of doctors.

Refugee doctors from the Continent are not always a solution.

Continental medicine believes so firmly in dope.

British doctors say: "A doped patient is a patient who can't tell you what is wrong with him, or what effect the treatment is having."

Every executive is looking forward to the arrival of the American doctors who are coming here in hundreds.

**Their system is more like ours. And their hospital system is the best in the world. They should improve our fast improving hospital service immensely.**

* * *

But we have not been standing still. The last war advanced surgery and medicine by a hundred years. This war will do no less.

We used to rush gravely injured men to the operating table.

Now we know that it is often better to give them anti-shock treatment first. A serious operation may be delayed as long as 24 hours.

**We never knew that our ear-drums could grow again.**

**Now we know they do, in dark, thoroughly quiet rooms. And there are an enormous number of ear injuries due to bombing.**

Few of our institutions have been changed by war so drastically as the hospital service.

But one thing that remains is the heroism, fortitude and self-sacrifice of hospital staffs—those wonderful traits which we were told would disappear when the State got its talons into the hospitals.

# Swaffer Lifts the Lid

**SHOULD THE P.M. STOP IN LONDON?**

● Winston, told that there was uneasiness in the public mind over the evacuation of Greece, replied that he had been visiting the bombed towns and that he hadn't noticed it.

Why did he have to go himself to find out? Any local reporter could have given him the facts.

Actually, his absence from London in hours of crisis gave rise to much criticism.

I even heard it said that it was undignified for a Premier to wave his hat on the end of a stick and sit on the back of his motor-car!

There is certainly much uneasiness over the evacuation of Crete—but Winston couldn't learn that by driving around towns and hearing the cry, natural enough, of "Good old Winston!"

Ministers are spending too much time on tours and public lunches. One, in an hour of test, even attended a meeting of a Bible society!

It is nice to see Winston nowadays. We all admire him.

But cheering him won't win the war—nor will being cheered!

**IS EDUCATION NEGLECTED?**

● Soothing words are uttered in Parliament by the Minister of Education on how schools are carrying on.

Yet the fact remains that there are whole counties in which not more than a few schools are open!

The new world—if it is to be—depends more than anything on better education for all. You can't just hand reforms to people. Their conduct and character have to justify them.

Yet, when cant about new worlds is talked by well-meaning bleaters with no political training, we are allowing to grow up a next generation of voters who to-day are developing into young hooligans.

It is not the fault of the teachers. It is the fault of Whitehall.

**WERE WE TOO KIND TO VICHY?**

● One of the most outrageous bloomers for which the Foreign Office has been responsible since the outbreak of war was the failure to understand that Pétain was a stupid old dodderer, that Bonnet and Laval were traitors, and that Darlan was an anti-British fanatic.

So we pampered and flattered a gang of men who were prepared even to sell their country rather than have what they stupidly called "Communism."

Realist statesmen would have threatened them from the start—yes, even to the length of saying "We will bomb Paris."

As it was, "Be kind to Pétain" was the Foreign Office policy. "Don't say anything to annoy him!"

Indeed, there was even an attempt to censor newspaper cables, addressed to Australia, in which criticism of Pétain was expressed.

It failed. But it proved beyond all doubt that the Foreign Office was still afraid someone might storm the Bastille one day! Like Marie Antoinette, it believed in giving the French people more cake!

**CAN THE CIVIL SERVICE BE REFORMED?**

● No. You see, there is no member of the Government strong enough to cut through the red tape in which public services are half strangled, strong enough to say "Get on with the job!"

As war expenditure grows, more and more Civil Servants are needed. As the Civil Servants increase in number, there is less and less control of them.

Individually, the Civil Service is not to blame. It contains thousands of well-meaning men and women of high intelligence.

But whatever initiative they may possess is soon squeezed out of them by the machinery of administration.

Beaverbrook, more than any Minister, got his own way. But, as he was the head of a new Ministry, he could appoint—and sack—whom he liked.

Think, though, what would happen if some super-Minister made a speech in which he said: "I am going to reform the Civil Service."

"Get on with the war!" we should all say.

All you and I can do is to blame delays on individual Ministries, persistently and with courage.

Then, if only in self-defence, they may cut through the red tape sufficiently for something to be done.

# WATCH THE M

THIS war is a race against the clock on Hitler's part. It is a delaying action on our part. He fears time; we want time.

If he is to win he must win now, while his power is at the maximum. If we are to win we must hold him at bay until our power overshadows his.

**HE LOST HIS FIRST RACE AGAINST THE CLOCK LAST SUMMER. OUR BUSINESS IS TO SEE THAT HE SUFFERS THE SAME FATE THIS.**

We are now in the midst of the second great crisis of the war. With the evacuation of Crete the struggle enters on a new phase.

It is not the final phase, but the events of the next few weeks in the eastern Mediterranean will foreshadow the end.

They will either bring the onrush of Hitler's war machine to a dead halt, or they will make him master of the Near East, the Suez and the Mediterranean.

In the first event Hitler will suffer a defeat from which he will not recover. In the second we shall sustain a disaster which will indefinitely prolong the war.

Five major happenings in the last two weeks throw their shadow over the scene. Three of them count in our favour; two against us.

Take the favourable first. America is now in the war neck and crop. That assures us victory in a war of endurance.

It helps us also in the immediate peril. It means a flood of munitions up the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf to the battle front of the Near East.

It means, or should mean, that our Atlantic life-line is safe. With the American Navy acting with us Hitler's plan of starving us into surrender should be decisively defeated.

That expectation is strongly confirmed by the next favourable happening. The sinking of the *Bismarck*, coupled with the fact that the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* are crippled and imprisoned in Brest, has enormously diminished Hitler's striking power in the Atlantic.

**FINALLY, THE QUELLING OF THE IRAK REVOLT IS AN EVENT OF CAPITAL IMPORTANCE. WE ARE NOW FIRMLY ENTRENCHED UP THE EUPHRATES VALLEY FROM THE PERSIAN GULF TO TURKEY.**

**WE BAR THE WAY TO THE MOSUL OILFIELDS. AND, REMEMBER, OIL IS THE MOST URGENT OF HITLER'S NEEDS.**

This fortunate fact we owe to the Battle of Crete. In spite of our defeat in that battle, it may yet rank as one of the landmarks of victory.

It held up the German attack on Syria until we had overthrown Hitler's plot in Irak and were prepared to meet his invasion.

***The events of the next few Mediterranean may prove th war. And the advantages ar side, as A. G. GARD***

Nevertheless, the loss of Crete is a heavy blow. It is a bull point for Hitler. It does not prove, as Goering reports him to have said, that "no island is impregnable." We think we know one island which will disprove that.

But the capture of Crete undoubtedly weakens our position in the critical theatre of the war.

It robs us of an advanced bastion for the defence of Egypt and the Near East. It gives Hitler a valuable outpost from which to take his next leap.

HIS objective is apparent. He aims at a pincer movement on Egypt and the Suez.

From his base in Sicily he has launched a powerful attack from the West across the Libyan desert.

From his base in Greece and Crete he projects an attack from the east by way of Syria and Palestine.

It is a bold gamble. But there are many snags in it. Hitherto his Juggernaut car has had an easy task. It has ridden roughshod over crowded and defenceless populations, massacring civilians and burning cities.

Now it has a different job. It has to meet us on our own ground. It has to cross a thousand miles of desert on one side. It has to cross 400 miles of sea to Syria on the other.

Tobruk is a thorn in the side of the desert approach. Cyprus bars the approach to Syria.

# MIDDLE EAST

***t few weeks in the eastern rove the most vital of the ges are not all on Hitler's GARDINER explains***

The farther the Juggernaut car gets from its base the more formidable becomes our resistance in the air. And our command of the sea is unchallenged, and, except for one thing, unchallengeable.

**"EXCEPT FOR ONE THING." THAT BRINGS ME TO THE SECOND MAJOR EVENT FAVOURABLE TO HITLER. IT IS THE NOW FULLY DISCLOSED TREACHERY OF THE VICHY GOVERNMENT.**

Without that treachery there would be no threat to Syria. The mandate for the administration of that country was bestowed on France under the authority of the League of Nations. France's only claim to be there is as the representative of the League.

When the Vichy quislings betrayed France, still more when, under Hitler's orders, they renounced the League, their *locus standi* in Syria ceased. Their warrant lapsed.

BUT they remained there. They remained there, as we now know, not to defend the neutrality of Syria, not as the agent of the League, but as Fifth Columnists of Hitler.

Through the knavery of Laval, who dare not yet appear in the open, the "protectorate" of Syria has in effect been transferred to Hitler.

His "tourists" swarm over the land. The French aerodromes are in his possession. The French munitions are at his service. The French soldiery are there to defend his invasion from interference.

In all the records of human baseness there is no parallel to this infamy. That France should leave us alone to fight her battle was tragic enough.

That she should become the instrument of the enemy against her ally is a shame that baffles words.

But it is not the French people who have sanctioned this unspeakable treachery. All the evidence goes to prove that the quislings are betraying France in defiance of the overwhelming mass of French opinion.

IT is this fact which has led us to avoid any action which would bring us into collision with the French people.

**BUT THE TIME FOR HESITATION IS GONE BY. WE MUST FACE THE FACT THAT THE VICHY GANG ARE THE CREATURES OF HITLER, AND THAT THE BEST WAY OF ROUSING THE SPIRIT OF FREE FRANCE IS TO SMITE THE ENEMIES OF FREE FRANCE WHEREVER THEY ARE DOING THE FOUL WORK OF HITLER.**

There may be good reasons why the Syrian situation was not tackled earlier; now that action has been taken there should be no excuse for wavering.

Every hour that remains before Hitler can hope to augment his forces in Syria should be used to improve our own position.

Mr. Eden has warned Vichy that we shall attack the enemy wherever they appear. In Syria, effect has been given to that warning.

Nowhere else are there the possibilities of such a decisive stroke. The handicaps that cursed us in Crete are absent. Cyprus is far away from Greece, in a sea controlled by our Navy and more accessible to our air force than to that of the enemy.

We are appreciably nearer our base at Alexandria. To the south of Syria the Palestinian Army is mobilised.

Beyond Syria we are in possession of Irak. A friendly Turkey lies to the north of Syria.

The Arabs are in sympathy with us, and there the French soldiery hate the notion of being used as tools for clamping Hitler's chains upon their own limbs.

**EVERY TIDE IN THE RED SEA AND THE PERSIAN GULF INCREASES THE FLOW OF MUNITIONS FROM AMERICA. AND THE DESERT AND THE SEA ARE OUR ALLIES.**

With such advantages and with such masters of the art of war on sea and land as Cunningham and Wavell, we should be reasonably confident of defeating Hitler's pincer strategy.

And if both in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic we can survive the crisis of this summer as we survived that of last summer, we shall be far on the way to ultimate victory.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

## *Such Fools Are Dangerous*

WHETHER you would call stupidity a vice or a failing I don't know. But when I meet it—and it crops up in many individuals—it arouses in me a sense of frustration, of furious impatience and, unhappily for me, an intolerance which I have tried in vain to master.

It may evince itself in peculiar ways. Many a lawyer is the richer because stupidity in the guise of obstinacy has sought legal redress for a trivial wrong.

Many an illness has ended fatally because stupidity, based on false social values, has decreed that people must be well-dressed before they are well-fed.

I have my own stupidities—what man hasn't?—and I am more intolerant of them than I am of the stupidities of others

But there are some stupidities which go beyond the pale. They are criminally ignorant; and in them is a dangerous threat to the whole fabric of our colossal war effort.

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One such stupidity was brought to my notice the other day by a friend.

He served through the last war and to-day, after years of effort, is a highly successful solicitor.

He was discussing with a tradesman the owner of a flourishing business, the outcome of the war.

This, in brief, was the gist of their conversation:

*My friend*: And suppose—if you *can* suppose such a thing—that Hitler won.

*Tradesman*: Well, I expect things wouldn't be so good in business.

*My friend*: Business? You wouldn't have a business. They'd take it. What would you do then?

*Tradesman* (a self-made man): Oh, start again, I suppose.

Start again! Great Heaven! Is it possible that such stupidity, such abysmal ignorance of Nazi methods, can exist to-day in this Britain of ours?

There would be no starting again for either the nation or the individual once Hitler and his plundering gang got control of this island.

The full force of Nazi venom, of Nazi hatred, is reserved for Britain.

Industry would be taken over. Workers would live in a state of semi-starvation There would be no amusements, no sport. There would be total conscription of wealth and labour.

Bank deposits would vanish. Private fortunes would cease to exist. The rich industrial resources of Britain would be used to feed Germany; our products would help to establish the world economic domination of which Hitler dreams

★ ★ ★

There would be no more individuals in Britain. Instead, this island would be a sea-girt prison peopled by slaves, over whose miserable existence there loomed constantly the shadow of the lash, of the concentration camp and of the firing squad.

Start again! It is fantastic that a man can think such things. With Hitler grinding this island beneath his poisonous heel, private enterprise would cease.

Hope itself would die; let alone the chance of getting ahead in life.

The whole structure of our social fabric would collapse. German overlords would exercise a tyranny that would make the rule of history's despots look like the sway of benevolent monarchs.

Yet there are fools who can picture with a certain complacency the conquest of this island by the most brutal and most ruthless army in history.

I wish I could dump such dangerous idiots for a month or two in Warsaw or Rotterdam or Belgrade.

I wish they could listen, as I have listened, to the stories of men who have escaped the Nazi terror.

I wish I could take the whole stupid boiling of them and put them in a concentration camp for a few weeks in mid-winter, there to enjoy every known refinement of German *kultur*.

There would be no more talk of "starting again" under the merciful guidance and tender sympathy of Nazi nurses.

**HUMANIST this week answers letters from two young people who cannot realise why they have fits of misery, and advises them not to worry, as it is just a case of**

# Adolescent Blues . . .

*"Why is it, then, that I have periods of horrible depression and melancholy?"*

SOME weeks ago I received a typewritten letter from a young woman asking for advice about a personal problem. The letter bore no address. The writer said that she was enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, but she forgot to include it.

No doubt she is wondering why she had no reply, and I am hoping she will see this explanation.

I frequently receive letters from readers who implore me to answer on this page. "I dare not let you write to me," they say, "in case my husband (or wife) should open it."

I have to ignore such letters for obvious reasons. If I answered them there would be no room to deal with problems from readers who do sign their names.

Some of these letters are about intimate matters which should be answered privately. Readers need not be afraid of writing in confidence. I open the letters myself and no one else is allowed to see them.

A great many come from young people. The following is worth quoting because the same problem affects scores of other young readers.

**I am a boy-student in college (says the writer), and I am a little over sixteen years of age.**

**I am perfectly healthy and fit, and in my opinion my parents are just about perfect. I cannot praise them and the fine home they have given me too highly.**

**Surely, any boy with these privileges should be more than happy!**

**Why is it, then, that I have periods of horrible depression and melancholy?**

**I can tell you that there are times when I actually cry through sheer misery.**

**I feel absolutely appalled by the tediousness and dullness of my daily work, and am horrified at the prospect of what appears to be a pointless existence.**

**Don't imagine that this is my usual attitude. Ordinarily I enjoy every moment of my college life and strive to make full use of it.**

**I have made plans for the future—very exciting ones, although they may seem perhaps a little fantastic.**

**But can you explain these moods of depression which overtake me every few weeks? Am I abnormal in some way? Or is it merely due to my age?**

**Please help me, Humanist.**

The answer is simple.

The young man is not abnormal in having these experiences. They are very common at his age, and they will become less frequent as he grows older.

He is suffering from the "blue moods" of adolescence.

The cause is partly physical. He is quickly developing into manhood and cannot adjust himself fast enough. That is why many young people pass through a "clumsy" stage—when they knock things over, slam doors too loudly, and feel awkward in their movements.

They also suffer because they are at the "betwixt-and-between" stage that separates boyhood and manhood. They seem too young to be addressed as "Mister" but a trifle too grown-up to be called "Master."

They don't quite know where they are!

Their emotions are in a state of effervescence. They become interested in religion, and want to preach to the world or to inaugurate sweeping social changes. They are ardent reformers.

But these feelings do not often last. They fall desperately and lyrically in love, and nothing else seems to matter at all.

Tremendous forces are working within them; they want to do big things for the world; and ordinary daily life appears to be so jogtrot and meaningless.

They want to make life an epic poem—and it settles down to commonplace prose.

Is it any wonder they are disappointed with themselves and with everybody else?

### GUINEAS FOR READERS

*Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).*

HERE is a letter from a man of forty who is worried about his daughter.

**Until lately (he says) she was always so cheerful and jolly, so affectionate and thoughtful for others.**

**But now she seems to have altered out of all recognition. She isn't like my girl at all. She is so remote—one can't get into touch with her real self. She looks harassed and miserable.**

**I have tried my best to win her confidence, and so has her mother. We want to help her if she is in any trouble. But she answers rather curtly that there is nothing wrong and that she merely wants to be left alone.**

**Why do we keep fussing about her, she asks.**

**At times she is quite uncivil. She does not want our company, but prefers to sit alone in her bedroom, reading or mooning.**

**She comes out looking as if she has had a good cry, and then she makes an effort to be sociable.**

**She used to be such a chatterbox as a child, but now she seems to be dumb for hours on end.**

**My wife has been getting bottles of tonic for her, but she will only take the stuff under protest, and I doubt whether it has done the slightest good.**

**I wonder whether you have heard of other problems like ours, and if so whether you would advise us as to what to do for the girl.**

**We should be very grateful for your help.**

I have known hundreds of similar cases, and the best advice I can offer is that the parents should do what the girl suggests—leave her alone!

She is miserable but does not know the reason, and it is useless to worry her for an explanation. She is passing through one of the most trying phases of the process of growing up. She will recover in time.

One has to be patient and sympathetic, to refrain from cross-examination, to behave as normally as possible. The girl hates to feel that she is being watched as if she were an invalid.

A TOTALLY different problem comes from a married woman.

**I was brought up in a Christian home (she writes), and I have a strong religious instinct. I enjoy going to church and feel guilty if I stay away.**

**My husband was as keen on church as myself until lately, but now he has turned against it. I think he is being influenced by his new companions. They are all free-thinkers!**

**He keeps arguing about it, and I'm not much good at arguments. I only get flustered and angry.**

**He says that parsons cannot help us because they don't know enough about human life. They live in security and have illusions about the other world. All very beautiful and ideal, but no practical use.**

**He also says that they are no better than other people. They are out for the fattest livings and have a cushy time. If they were genuine they would live in poverty.**

**He can be very convincing, but yet in my heart I feel he is wrong. I wish I could make him see where his arguments break down.**

**There is no fear of my being converted to his beliefs, but I do wish I could defend myself better. He is always asking me to give him proofs of what I believe.**

**Could you possibly help me?**

The first thing that strikes me is that the two arguments about "parsons" cancel each other out. Clergymen are accused of being too unworldly and too worldly. They can hardly be both at once.

The demand for proofs is difficult to answer. There are some things which are too big to see and too plain to say. Look for the name "ASIA" on a map of the world. You miss it because the letters are too large!

The spiritual nature of the universe may be rather like that.

## SO OFTEN

*SO often the things we think we cannot do turn out to be the things most worth the doing, so often the things we think don't really count turn out to be the things worth pursuing. So often those for whom we feel mistrust turn out to be a stauncher friend than foe, so often the hardest road of all becomes one of the happiest ways we have to go.*

*SO often the things we long for pass us by and afterwards we find out it was best, so often the things we think would bring us peace are things that in the end would bring no rest. So often the lonely way seems hard to bear, but just before we reach its weary end, we see a sun-warmed shadow just ahead, and then there comes to meet us a new friend.*

*SO often we would like to give up trying, but that's the time to go one more step forward, and when our ship of life seems to be lost, we find that she is slowly sailing shoreward! So often when the hope that held us up goes headlong into darkness and disaster, we find that in that moment we've found strength, and at last we have become our heart's own Master.*

*SO often when events beat us down until our faith is like a tattered pennant; and empty is our life of joy and pride, comes to our soul the Great and Glorious Tenant, Who made of sorrow something so supreme that His Dark Cross flooded the world with Glory, so in our anguish bids us patient be, until our Life reveals its complete story.*

J. M.

## THE GREATEST OF THESE

● **Richard Bradford, of Billingshurst, is a childless widower of seventy. Recently discharged from hospital, he has a hard struggle to maintain himself on his small Army pension.**

**He served throughout the South African War, and again from 1914/18, when he was invalided home with malaria and heart disease.**

**Helpless and crippled with broken legs, he feels his poverty very keenly, and has applied to our Fund to help him in his hour of need.**

**We ask readers who are in a happier position to send a donation earmarked "Five Medals," or for our General Fund, addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

*OLD SOLDIER*

**Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. There are no deductions for administration's expenses, every penny sent being devoted to the Fund.**

**Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.**

**We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.**

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY . . . . By WILL SCOTT

*"If you take charge of an evacuee," thundered Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., "you should take charge, and not let him get up to every damn silly trick he feels like. Blacking out my daughter's doll's house. It's a damn scandal!"*

# A MAN IN HIS TIME

GEORGE was such an Angel Child. He looked so sweet. Even though he came from that part of London where they are supposed to grow 'em tough, you'd never have believed it.

Just on his appearance alone you'd have given him a verdict of Not guilty on any charge under the sun.

Besides, he was only eight.

When Mr. and Mrs. Wardle had George billeted on them out of a rough and tumble two-score evacuees, they thought they were in luck's way.

Some of the others looked pretty knowing customers, but George had the appearance of having come straight from somebody's stained-glass window.

"We might have done very much worse," said Mrs. Wardle to Mr. Wardle.

And so they might. But not out of that two-score.

The first outburst of fun came early; not two days after George's arrival.

Over the way from the Wardles' house was the Poplars, home of Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., who fancied himself and little else in the district.

Mr. Wardle had always been careful where Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., was concerned. Without actually touching his forelock and calling him "sir," nevertheless Mr. Wardle had always been careful.

Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., had a way of looking at you which made you feel like a remnant on the last day of the sale.

It was, then, with nothing less than the deepest horror that Mr. Wardle realised that the first outburst of fun in connection with George had taken place also in connection with Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq.

Or, which was almost worse, Evelyn Mowbray-Sparkes, who had lately reached the ripe age of five.

It seemed to be in some way concerned with Evelyn Mowbray-Sparkes' doll's house, which was standing in the sunshine on the Mowbray-Sparkes lawn.

And Evelyn Mowbray-Sparkes was screaming, and Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., was bellowing.

And George was streaking out of Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq.'s front gate and making for his temporary home.

"What's all this?" Mr. Wardle wanted to know.

Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., soon let him know what all this was. He pointed to the doll's house.

"Look at it!" he roared. "Look at the windows!"

MR. WARDLE looked at the windows. They seemed to be covered with black paper, glued on, and when he touched them he found that the glue was wet.

"You don't mean—you don't mean young George did it?" he gasped.

"If you take charge of an evacuee," thundered Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., "you should *take charge*, and not let him get up to every damn silly trick he feels like. Blacking-out my daughter's doll's house. It's a damn scandal!"

"Didn't—didn't he say anything?" said Mr. Wardle.

"He did!" replied Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., in a rasping voice. "He said he was the Regional Commissioner, and it was his job to make sure that all precautions had been taken!!!"

"I'll speak to him!" promised Mr. Wardle.

"You'd better!" threatened Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq.

Mr. Wardle spoke to George. But George looked such an angel child that it was Mr. Wardle who felt in the wrong.

But, Mr. Wardle," said George, "the Regional Commissioner *has* to make sure that the black-out regulations are complied with."

Mr. Wardle gave it up, hoping that nothing on like lines would happen again.

And nothing did for a whole day, until the entire two-score evacuees in Mr. Wardle's street had reached the unanimous opinion that Mowbray-Sparkes was a louse, and not to be taken lightly by anyone in the gang.

WITH the result that Mr. Wardle, digging in his garden, was startled by an uproar at the front of the house. Investigating, he found George up on his first-floor balcony addressing the rest of the two-score at the top of his voice.

The rest of the two-score sagged over Mr. Wardle's fence and creaked on his gate.

Mr. Wardle had listened to a bit of the oration before things dawned on him. It was a wonderful oration, directed against the common enemy, who, it seemed, was Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq.

"We," shouted George, "are not to be dismayed by threats. A difficult task is before us, but we can take it!"

Mr. Wardle blinked whilst the rest of the two-score cheered. Yes, that was a cigar George was holding! One of *his* cigars!! Of all the . . .

He went upstairs and removed George from the balcony and took him down to the kitchen for cross-examination.

"You can't," he said wearily, "you simply can't steal my cigars like this and rouse the neighbourhood by shouting from the balcony in that shocking manner."

"I am the Prime Minister," said George solemnly.

"I thought you were the Regional Commissioner?"

"I am Winston Churchill."

"Righto," said Mr. Wardle. "Come on, then. It's time Winston Churchill was in bed."

And to bed Winston Churchill went.

"Dear, oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Wardle. "I wonder what next?"

Next was the missing sardines.

Mr. Wardle and Mrs. Wardle looked everywhere, but it was as plain as the nose on Mr. Wardle's face: the sardines were not there.

"I put them on the top shelf myself," said Mrs. Wardle.

'Anybody been in?"

"No."

"Then there's only one thing for it—George! Where is he?"

He was in the street with the rest of the two-score.

"Come here!" said Mr. Wardle.

George came here.

"Have you taken a tin of sardines out of the larder?" Mr. Wardle asked.

"Oh, you can't have those," said George, looking most surprised. "You can't possibly have those."

"*Can't!*"

"I've controlled them," said George.

"*Controlled* them?"

"Yes," said George. "I've controlled them, and so they've gone off the market. As soon as you control anything it goes off the market. I'm Lord Woolton," he added simply.

Mr. Wardle took a deep breath.

"Now, look here," he said. "I've had enough of this. Unless you stop *being people* I'll larrup so much flesh off your system that you'll have to sit down in your bones for the rest of your natural. Do you understand that?"

"That is no way," said George, "to talk to Lord Woolton."

"Cor!" groaned Mr. Wardle.

And this time Lord Woolton went to bed.

"Any more of that there," said Mr. Wardle to Mrs. Wardle, "and I send for young George's father. Straight!"

FOR three days there was no more of that there, and Mr. Wardle was beginning to return to normal, without jumping every time a noise was heard, and wondering if Sir Archibald Wavell had taken the scullery by storm; even without counting the change in his pockets very carefully in case Sir Kingsley Wood had imposed a bit of E.P.D. when he wasn't looking.

But on the fourth day. . . .

It began with a loud rat-tat on the door.

"Cor!" sighed Mr. Wardle. "I wonder who this is?"

It was Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq.

"Do you mind," said Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., in a voice which sounded as if it had been soaked in vinegar for weeks; "do you *mind* coming round with me and removing Lord Gort from my garden?"

"Er—what?" wheezed the amazed Mr. Wardle.

"I *said*," shouted Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., "do you mind coming round with me and removing Lord Gort from my garden?"

"Lord Gort?"

"Lord Gort!"

"Cor!" babbled Mr. Wardle. "Is it as bad as that?"

"Come on, man, dammit!" shrieked Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq. "He'll have the whole place in ruins if you dilly-dally about like this."

Mr. Wardle put on his hat and went across to the Poplars with Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq.

"Look at it!" roared Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq. "Just damn well look at it!!!"

Mr. Wardle looked at it. At the foot of the slope of the Poplars kitchen garden, astride a barrel, was George. And down the slope showed the trail of the barrel, a three-foot pathway of ruin through the middle of Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq.'s best potato patch.

"He got in the damn thing and rolled right through 'em!" howled Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq. "Before I could stop him! He says he's Lord Gort!"

"How dare you," cried Mr. Wardle, "get in that barrel."

"Barrel?" Lord Gort looked scornful. "Barrel!" he said. "*Tank!*"

"You come with me!" said Mr. Wardle.

And Lord Gort went promptly to bed.

ABOUT 7 o'clock that evening George sat up in bed. A familiar voice in the room below had turned him cold.

"Gosh!" cried George. "*Pa!*"

He hurried into his clothes and reached the landing a second before his father and Mr. Wardle. He jumped into the bathroom and bolted the door. He climbed out of the bathroom window, slid down the roof of an outhouse, and reached the back garden.

So did father and Mr. Wardle.

George dodged and ran round the house. Father ran after him. Mr. Wardle ran through the house. The commotion had caused doors and windows to open.

When George reached the street, onlookers were running down the street to onlook at closer quarters.

George, breathing heavily, had to think at speed. Across the road was a plank, left by a builder. He was across like lightning, had the plank wedged between a tree and a wall, and was up it as his father reached the pavement. By one second he saved his skin and tumbled over the wall.

Over and on to the portly stomach of Mowbray-Sparkes, Esq., who sat in a deck-chair and tried to read.

"What the blazing——" Mowbray-Sparkes sat up as George rolled off into a flower-bed

"Sssh!" said George, rising and drawing himself to his full height of four feet. "You must hide me and look after me at once."

"Must! *Must!*" Mowbray-Sparkes turned purple and boiled over.

"Certainly you must," declared George. "Don't you know who I am? I am Rudolf Hess."

# "Tell me, doctor ... *that stuff you used for my Mate's arm—it's done a power of good, cleared up in no time. What was it?"*

Doctors everywhere use and recommend the modern antiseptic 'Dettol'. Wherever prompt aid and protection from infection may be needed, 'Dettol' has won a trusted place. In our leading hospitals, accident wards and in private practice 'Dettol' is the chosen weapon against the germs of septic infection. Chosen not only because it is a ruthless killer of the germs of disease, but because it is gentle and kind to the tender human tissues which the germs invade.

'Dettol', a clean, clear fluid, germicidally three times more effective than pure Carbolic Acid, is entirely non-poisonous. Have it always in your own home. Use it promptly whenever infection threatens. It is the safe way to safety. Ask your Doctor.

**MINOR INJURIES:** Cleanse the injury and surrounding skin with cottonwool or gauze dipped in a mixture of a tablespoonful of 'Dettol' with a tumblerful of water; then cover with dry gauze or lint.

**HANDS:** Before and after treating a wound or attending to an infectious case, wash your hands with a 5% solution of 'Dettol' in water (4 tablespoonsful to 1 quart of water).

From all Chemists




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TRADE MARK
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

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***FIRST*—Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.**

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***THEN*—Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.**

***FINALLY*—To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels. . . Prices 10½d and 1/6½d including purchase tax.**

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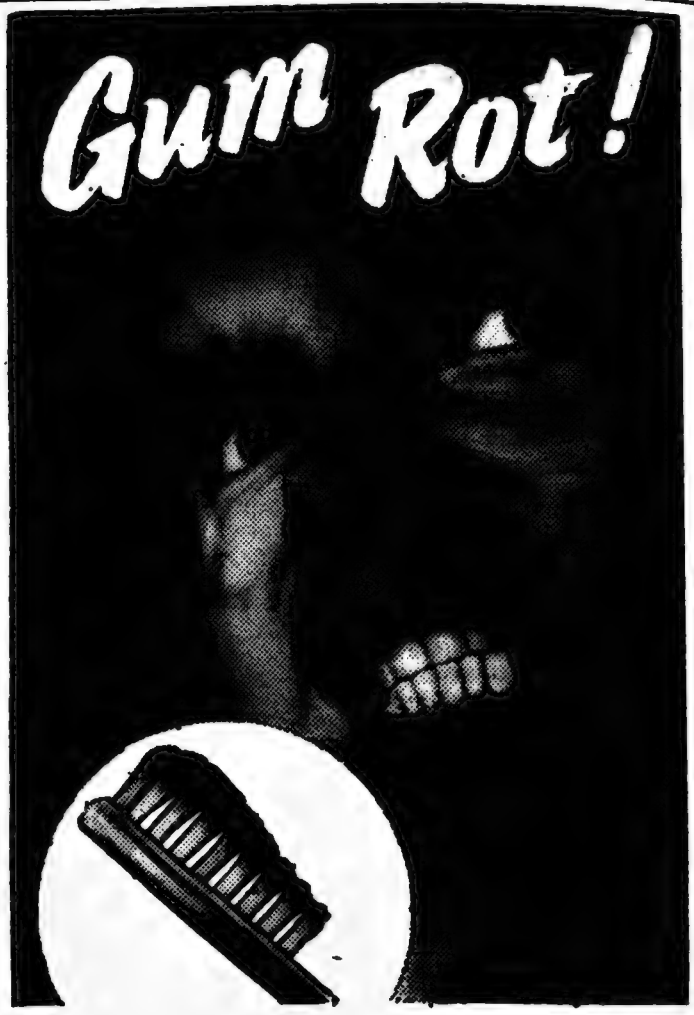


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It's the sign of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). Take no chances—use Gibbs S.R. regularly. It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's treatment for gum troubles. It keeps gums firm and teeth sparkling.

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**BOILS, CARBUNCLES, SEPTIC WOUNDS, ECZEMA, IMPETIGO, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS.**

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CONTAINS FIRST AID FOR 20 YEARS

# Regrets

**LIMITED CIVILIAN SUPPLIES**

So great are the requirements of H.M. Forces that only very limited quantities of "BLANCO" Brand WHITE CLEANER are available for civilians and we are obliged to disappoint many thousands of users. After the war normal supplies will again be available and the quality of "BLANCO" even better than ever before

**BLANCO**
WHITE CLEANER

**WARNING!** Joseph Pickering & Sons, Ltd., Bradford, England, are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaner can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

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I SHAKE WINDOLENE ON TO A POROUS CLOTH
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE WINDOW—IT FORMS A WHITE FILM
LET IT DRY A MOMENT, GIVE A QUICK POLISH.—AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

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**Windolene**
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

BLUEBELL POLISH CO., LONDON, W.C.1 (RECKITT & SONS)

# AT LAST! FALSE TEETH KEPT FIRM

**A new method that gives all-day security & comfort**

Just squeeze a little 'Dentesive' on to your plates and for the rest of the day you can talk, laugh and even *sneeze* with an easy mind.

'Dentesive' seals the edges of your plates too, so that you can enjoy any foods you may fancy without particles getting underneath. At the same time 'Dentesive' forms a comfort cushion that prevents sore gums. Tasteless, odourless, harmless. Recommended by over 6,000 Dentists. Prices 7½d. and 1/3d. at chemists, or if any difficulty from Dentesive Ltd., 10-15, Chitty Street, London, W.1.

# Fortify your Kidneys!

UNDER present conditions most people are easy victims to kidney complaints. Overwork and worry greatly increase the task of Nature's filters. If they become congested and slacken, harmful impurities remain in the system and are carried by the blood stream to all parts of the body, setting up—

**BACKACHE, URINARY AND BLADDER TROUBLES, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PAINS, GETTING UP AT NIGHT, RENAL DROPSY, INFLAMED JOINTS.**

Don't wait to be laid up! Take Doans' brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine gives sluggish kidneys the help they need, cleansing and stimulating them to renewed activity and health. You can rely upon Doans. They have helped thousands. Why not you?

*Ask for* DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (incl. tax)

# VOICE of the PEOPLE

★ *This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

CUSTOMERS of the branch grocery establishment of which I am manager grumbled considerably when I received twelve jellies to share among the lot of them.

So, receiving an allowance of oranges which permitted just one to each ten customers, I sent the lot to the infirmary for the children's ward, putting a notice in the shop to that effect.

There was no grumbling whatsoever. There was, in fact, all-round delight when a letter arrived from the matron telling of one little chap who had been continually asking for orange-juice, and who had improved considerably since getting some.—O. W. O., Shrewsbury.

### Sugar-Shy!

Sugar ration doesn't bother the twelve girls who live at my "digs."

Most of them earn their livings as mannequins or stage dancers, and so dread the demon of Fatness that we get through no more than three sugar rations between us.

As the only girl in the house who isn't afraid of plumpness, I get fed up with the sight of butter, sugar and bacon.

But as for marmalade—oh, boy, how we crave it!—Miss C. D., Kensington, W.

### Harpies of the Queue

Although I have a husband engaged on war work, and an eight-months-old baby, I answered Mr. Bevin's appeal for women workers.

Unfortunately, on my way to my job I see the women who *haven't* answered the appeal queuing up to clear out the shops. And by when I finish the empty shops are closed!

Families which are all out for victory are getting very little mercy from the harpies of the queue and the telephone. —Mrs. N. Winn, Studley Road, Middlesbrough.

### Mrs. Knickerbocker Calling!

Since I joined the Women's Volunteer Service six months ago I have made 650 pairs of trousers for air-raid victims out of old coats.

Getting buttons is one of the problems, as you need a thousand buttons per hundred garments.

But an appeal to neighbours and friends brought me ten thousand in a week.

I have sewn on no fewer than 6,500 buttons and made 2,600.

I am now called Mrs. Knickerbocker. —Mrs. Solomon, 27, Blaker Street, Brighton, 7.

### Lives v. Luxuries

What sort of government is this that tells us we must spend less, says emphatically it is going to reduce our chances of spending so that we can lend to the State, and then expects British sailors to bring 10s.-a-pound salmon and 4s. 6d.-a-pound unrationed cheese to these shores?—R. E., Emerson Road, Ilford, Essex.

### Pin-Money Myrtles

An experienced chemist recently refused a post because half the usual rate of pay was offered.

A woman had filled the job at that money for three years, and another woman readily snapped it up when a man turned it down.

Yet again a man who gave up a £5-a-week job to join the Services now finds that the work is being done by a woman at 35s. a week.

He is supposed to be entitled to his job back, but the general effect will tend to reduce wages.

Never will women be able to claim equality with men while there are so many pin-money Myrtles about.—Herbert Davison, Commercial Street, Bitterne, Southampton.

### Valuable Training

SO few people realise the value of model aeroplanes in this war that I can understand Reader Kerswell expressing the belief that model aeroplane making should be stopped as a luxury trade.

Model aeroplanes are, in fact, of great use to the Royal Observer Corps, of which I am a member. I think we need more —just as we can always do with more full-sized ones.

We should have models of *all* planes, but we only have copies of some, and it isn't the same thing. —"Observer," Alloa, N.B., who asks that payment for letter shall be handed to Greatest Of These Fund.

### Not Enough Publicity

Much of the present-day profiteering in food is due, I fear, to the cutting down of newspapers—particularly local newspapers.

Goodwill is everything in business, and goodwill doesn't survive a bad prosecution for cheating should publicity be given to the facts.

But food prosecutions are never reported nowadays, unless they are of a gross nature.

True the paper shortage can't be remedied—but we might compel a profiteering dealer or shopkeeper to display a notice of the fact.—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

### It Can Be Permanent

I wonder if other readers have noticed that, despite the war, poverty is steadily vanishing from our towns and villages.

No hungry mendicants appear at our doors. Children seem better shod and more stoutly attired.

I do not know the reason, but I do know that it is an improvement which we hope has come to stay.—Thomas E. Jackson, 106, Westwick Road, Sheffield, 8.

**Surplus of labour has always been the worst enemy of the worker. War eats up the surplus. But so could proper peace-time planning. With commonsense, it will indeed be an improvement that has come to stay.**

### But Does It Instruct?

Business people want to know what to do in case of war damage.

Form No. B.S.I.G., Business Scheme, General, Board of Trade, War Damage Act, 1941, tells them.

And if the title of the form isn't a bad enough headache, the instruction to traders contained in it is: "Specify any goods, if any, which are included in the amount shown against Heading 4 of descriptions prescribed under para. (c) of subsection (1) of section 62 of the Act and the respective values thereof (see Note I).

I think the honourable member for Boloney had a hand in framing that.—P. Mascoll, 16, York Avenue, East Cowes, Isle of Wight.

### The Old, Old Smells!

When I was a boy, breweries used to have a characteristic malty smell when you passed them, but of late years it has disappeared.

The reason, I am told, is that brewers went in more and more for the use of sugar instead of malt.

Now, with a sugar shortage, the charming odour is returning.

And who doesn't remember the warm, nutty smell of a bakehouse in full operation? That, too, is returning—although why I don't know.—G. H. Graves, Ware, Hertfordshire.

### —but Nothing to Buy

Chief trouble of war-time life in Britain is not shortage—it is maldistribution.

As a commercial traveller I see most parts of the country.

In certain places I can get almost everything I want.

Yet I took my wife to one Surrey town for a week-end and, although we had plenty of money, all we could do was to weigh ourselves.—Mr. S. G., Pitshanger Lane, London, W.

### What Fools They Are!

Sheer love of cooking, which is her job, made my fiancée join the A.T.S. a year ago.

She sticks at her job in an army camp for nine or ten hours a day—doesn't mind getting up before she really should so that the men can have the best of breakfasts.

Now she is being compelled to do two hours of physical drill a day, which neither improves her as a woman nor as a cook.

On top of this she has just been informed that she will have to go into the fields for *country dancing*.—P. J., Puckeridge, Hertfordshire.

# Hedgerows Increase Your Rations

A WIDE choice of food and beverages, much of it imported, for years encouraged us to neglect the wild foods which once brought variety to British meals and profit to the countryfolk.

**Housewives purchased, out of the most meagre weekly incomes, imported goods actually inferior in food value to the harvest of the countryside so near to them.**

★ ★ ★

But under wartime food restrictions many enterprising commercial firms are experimenting with old recipes and marketing goods which they had hardly thought of two years ago.

Last Autumn they canned wild blackberries, and although the fruit was smaller, it was fuller flavoured and firmer. This year experiments are to be made with bilberries.

**Unobtainable French capers have been replaced by nasturtium seeds so successfully that many people who have bought them have not noticed the difference.**

Before the war, wild strawberries came from France by Air, and were sold in the Luxury shops at 5s. per pound and more. Evacuee children, who have discovered many things that the country children take for granted, liked the acid flavour of the English wild strawberries which grow profusely in some districts, and if there is a good crop this year we shall see them in our city markets.

It is these children who have been partly responsible for gathering the wild flowers that have been sold in place of the continental flowers we used to import at this season of the year. During the last few weeks, in Covent Garden alone, many thousands of bunches of cowslips, kingcups, bluebells and forget-me-nots have been sold.

**English-grown herbs are in such great demand, particularly for medicinal purposes, that herbalists are busier than ever before. Herb-growers are finding that in some cases they cannot meet the demand, but the wild harvest of herbs and plants will not fail.**

★ ★ ★

Forty years ago, garlic grew profusely in England. Now that it is fetching 12s. per lb. in London stores its growth is to be encouraged again.

Horseradish was voted a "curse" by many farmers, who dug it all out, so that we had to rely on supplies from Holland. Now commercial firms are paying a big price for this despised root to make horseradish sauce and cream.

**Many people are finding young nettles quite as good as spinach—and all they cost is the trouble of gathering them.**

Herb beer was a popular drink with farm labourers thirty years ago. Now it is being revived not only for rural workers, but for factory workers. And there is a run on the herbalists who make cordials. Rhubarb, dandelion and cowslip wines have been laid down this Spring in greater quantities than for many a long year

Currant juice is to be bottled for children, to replace orange juice, under the auspices of the Council for Maternity and Child Welfare. The vitamin it contains will prevent scurvy.

★ ★ ★

The new harvest, however, does not cease in the vegetable world, for 250,000 perch from Lake Windermere are to be canned for future use. Cornish pilchards are to be salted again, as they were until sardines came into such great favour.

**Efforts are being made to encourage the use of goats' milk. Goats do not require much feeding, and goats' meat is being served in many hotels and boarding houses throughout the country with considerable success.**

Let us make the utmost use of the food which grows so lavishly around us. It is health giving, needs only the labour of harvesting and preparation, saves shipping, and so furthers the war effort.

# Smokers' 'Fur'

## How to detect it—How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth.

*Protect Teeth with new toothpaste containing* ★ **'MILK OF MAGNESIA'**

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillip's Dental Magnesia.

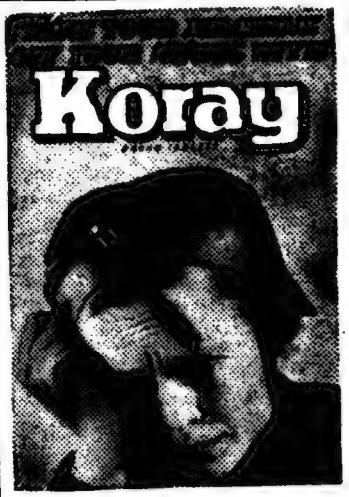
Commence fighting mouth acid tonight. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking.

*7½d., 1/1d., and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax). Sold Everywhere.*

**Phillips' Dental Magnesia**

THE ANTACID TOOTHPASTE

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*




**WHEN YOU LEAVE YOUR WORK DOES IT LEAVE YOU?**

When you've stopped working the drill, do you still feel it working in your head? When you've come off the machine, does it go on vibrating in your brain? YOU MUST GET SOME REST. Take KORAY and take your work off your n-e-r-v-e-s. KORAY means rest—sweet sleep, renewed energy, freedom from aches. *At once*, this amazing pink tablet brings glorious peace to jangled overstrained nerves. And it simply *smashes* pain of all kinds. Get KORAY to-day, and keep on top.

**KORAY GIVES INSTANT SAFE RELIEF**

in cases of "Nerves," Head Pains, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Feverish Colds, Malaria, Feminine Ailments, etc.

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Nice clothes are getting scarce. Persil will take the greatest care of them, will keep them fresh and new-looking longer. Persil's extra-busy oxygen suds draw out the dirt in the gentlest possible way. Yet the whole job is done so quickly and so *safely!*

*If you have any problems, in washing, drying, ironing, send a letter to Mrs. Holiday, Persil Home Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs. She will advise you—free.*

**Persil washes so gently that it makes fine fabrics last longer**

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**Economise this way**

It's all the more important these days, when you want all your clothes and household linen to last as long as possible, to use Persil.

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**"Wouldn't YOU like a crop like this?"**

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form, will make good this loss in 6 hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days! Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot harm or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

**GROW REAL VEGETABLES THIS YEAR—USE SANGRAL**

TEN-DAY FERTILISER

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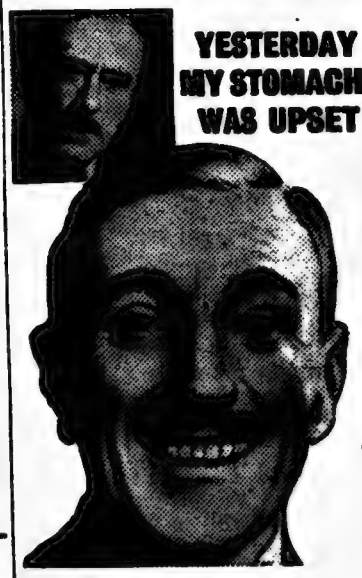

**YESTERDAY MY STOMACH WAS UPSET**

**TO-DAY I FEEL FINE!**

Beechams Pills will prevent constipation and the ailments which constipation causes; stomach upsets, liver troubles, energy failure, lassitude and just plain out-of-sorts. Make this fine, purely vegetable, home medicine your Golden Rule of Health.

*Purely vegetable*

**Beechams Pills**

*Sold everywhere.*

Boxes 1/5 & 3/5 *(Including Purchase Tax).*

Also obtainable in PENNYWORTHS.

Worth a Guinea a Box

You can stop the torture of eczema. All you need do is to start now applying D.D.D. Brand Prescription to the bad places. The cruel irritation and burning soreness stop as soon as you apply this soothing, yet powerful, antiseptic liquid. It gets right down into the pores of the skin, kills the germs and clears away the impurities that cause your painful disfiguring trouble. D.D.D. Prescription is invaluable in all forms of skin trouble—dermatitis, ulcers, bad legs, boils, psoriasis, spots and pimples. This soothing, healing liquid is also an invaluable first-aid remedy in cases of scalds, burns, scratches and minor wounds. Keep a bottle always in the home. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 1/5 a bottle including tax.

**D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**

**TO AVOID FLATULENCE AND PAIN AFTER MEALS**

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them to-day! Neat flat boxes for the pocket. Also family sizes. Obtainable everywhere.

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

**Simple Recipe for Summer Colds**

**Easily Made Up at Home.**

Summer Colds are hard to shift once they get a hold. Here's a medicine you can make up at home and keep always handy. A dose or two at the beginning will kill any cold before it has a chance to develop. Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength) which is made up of ten separate, concentrated medicaments. You may add a little sugar, syrup or juice from tinned fruit or jam if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day, for children use a teaspoon. Parmint (Double Strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

BUY NOW from

**CAMPBELLS**

**36 MONTHS TO PAY**

SUITES 10/- — from — MONTHLY.

276 MARE STREET HACKNEY, London E.8 (HEAD OFFICE)

**NO DEPOSIT**

# ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN

***Larry Gains started his career determined always to be as courteous and well-behaved as his boyhood's hero, Peter Jackson. How he has succeeded is shown***

**By A. W. HELLIWELL**

MANY years ago, long before I ever dreamed that I should one day be a boxing writer, I remember my father telling me of his friendship with the West Indian coloured heavyweight, Peter Jackson.

When Jackson was training for his fight with Slavin he and my father swam together daily in the old Brill's sea-water baths at Brighton, and came to know each other well.

"You would never have taken him for a fighter, my boy," my father used to say. "He was one of Nature's gentlemen—modest, unassuming and quite unspoiled by success."

**Just about the time he was entertaining me with stories of Jackson, another coloured boy in Toronto was eagerly reading a tattered and dog-eared copy of the boxer's life-story that he had picked up on a second-hand bookstall.**

The boy's name was Lawrence Samuel Gains.

You know him better as Larry Gains, ex-heavyweight champion of the British Empire, and now a sergeant in the Pioneer Corps.

*The Gains family helps Larry to haul in the boat*

## Credit to the Race

Jackson was his boyhood hero.

He carried that torn copy of his life-story with him everywhere he went, reading it until he knew it almost by heart, inspired by the example of a man who had brought such credit to the Negro race by his sportsmanship and charm of manner.

And, although he was then only an amateur boxer and had no thought of fighting professionally, he made up his mind to model himself according to Jackson's pattern and strive always to be as courteous and well-behaved.

Those of you who know Larry outside the ring know how well he has succeeded. The rest, who know him only as a fighter, must accept my word for it that he is a worthy disciple of the man they called the "Black Prince of Pugilism."

**Gains, like Jackson, is one of Nature's gentlemen.**

**He was in his heyday in the early 1930's, and, although he is still fighting, I am afraid he has long since passed that sparkling prime when he was a match for the best of the world's heavyweights.**

His age has always been something of a mystery, but he must be round about forty.

Although he stoutly maintains that Army life with the Pioneers has "rejuvenated" him, I should be happier if he hung away his gloves and rested content with his past glories—and they are many.

Like Max Baer, Gains was once employed as a cattle killer in a slaughter-house, and when he first came to this country to make his debut as a pro he worked his passage on a cattle boat.

That was some seventeen years ago, since when he has fought in most of the big cities of Europe and the United States.

In Cologne, where he lived for four years, he knocked out Max Schmeling in two rounds.

Other scalps he collected in his day were those of Carnera, Phil Scott, Don McCorkindale, Maurice Griselle and Pierre Charles—the last four all when they were champions of their respective countries.

In the ring Gains is a chocolate-coloured symphony in rippling muscle and sinew.

**Tall and leanly built, he fights with an almost lazy grace that is a joy to watch, and Len Harvey once confessed to me that Gains was the shrewdest and cleverest boxer he had ever met.**

But although he always prefers the subtle way to victory, Larry can, when the occasion demands it, fight with a tigerish ferocity few men can equal, as he proved in the closing minutes of his dramatic fight with Harvey at the Albert Hall in 1934.

He had even the sphinx-like and imperturbable Len rattled by the fury of his attack as he went all out for a "kill."

## Characteristic Gesture

Larry lost the fight and his Empire title with it, but as soon as he changed he came round to Harvey's dressing-room, where I and a host of others were gathered round the new champion.

Gains waited quietly on the outskirts of the mob surrounding Harvey, listening to the praise and compliments being showered upon his conqueror.

Then, managing to catch Len's eye for a moment, he leaned over and held out a big brown hand.

**"Congratulations, Len," he said. "It was a great fight. To-night it's your turn. Maybe next time it will be mine."**

**Then, with a smile, he was gone.**

That was characteristic of Larry. It was just what Peter Jackson might have said and done!

You can learn more about the real worth of a man when you have seen him take one defeat than in half a dozen victories, and Gains that night went high in my estimation.

The year he lost to Harvey was a black one for Larry.

Until then he had been riding high on the crest of a wave of well-deserved success. Seven years from the day he landed here, unknown and practically penniless, he had battled his way up into the four-figure purse class.

In Leicester he settled down to the life of a country gentleman between fights.

His wife and children, his mother, father and sister all shared in his good fortune, for there never has been a more generous fighter than Gains when he was in the money.

**But, in spite of it all, he found the life of a champion to be bitter-sweet.**

**His is the old story told once again—too many friends and a too generous heart. So long as he had a shilling in his pocket Larry could never refuse a friend.**

It was all right while he had money to burn, but when the tide turned against him and a couple of defeats brought his earnings down from thousands to hundreds he soon discovered how many of his circle were fair-weather friends.

It was just about this time that he confided to me some of the trials and tribulations of maintaining a position as a champion.

"I admit I have earned big money," he said, "but often when I have been paid £1,200, for example, for a fight there has been less than £400 to be paid into my bank when all expenses have been met."

## Sincerely Devout

Larry was not complaining.

He accepted his run of ill luck as good-temperedly and philosophically as ever.

He is, like many negroes, deeply and sincerely devout, and it has always been his mother's wish—and she still hopes to see it—that he will one day become a preacher.

There is, I imagine, not much likelihood of this, for Gains has told me that he considers religion to be a man's private concern.

But, in any case, he has, with the ring for his pulpit, set the youth of his race a grand and inspiring example of clean living and sportsmanship for them to follow.

---

# Fighters from Vienna

**Foreign refugees, including Germans and Italians, welcome the new registration scheme to enable them to work in our factories. Many are already there**

***BY A GERMAN GIRL***

THE girls looked surprised when I took my seat among them at the machine.

At once they noticed that I was a foreigner. For a couple of days they restrained their curiosity, but on the third day one of them came up to me during lunch and asked me where I came from.

"From Vienna," I said.

Surprise turned to amazement.

They could not easily reconcile themselves to the fact that I, a German, was now making uniforms for British soldiers to be worn in battle against my own people.

★ ★ ★

**It took me some time to explain to my fellow-workers that I could hardly regard Germany as "my country."**

**That I had nothing but hatred for the gang in charge of my former homeland.**

I told them how, for me, the war had started three years ago.

That was when the Nazis marched into Austria and first drove us from our homes, leaving us penniless, and then took my husband away to the notorious Dachau concentration camp because he was a trade unionist.

What could I have in common with these cruel gangsters?

For a time I tried all I could to obtain his release. But Gestapo officials at their Vienna headquarters in the Metropole Hotel sneered at me, and told me cynically I should never see my husband again.

After a few weeks I gave up my futile endeavours.

Among all the countries to which I tried to emigrate only Britain offered me refuge.

I came here as a domestic servant and soon got a job in a good middle-class home, which was strangely like the one I called my own only a few months before.

**For over a year I kept my job. I did my work as formerly I had expected my servants to do it for me.**

★ ★ ★

Memories of the ugly past faded. I had to work hard, but I liked it. Before I noticed it myself, I came to regard Britain as my home country.

Then I had a hasty shock

Last year's Fifth Column scare broke out. My mistress told me that her husband was engaged on Government work now and that she could not keep me on. After all, I was an enemy alien. . . .

I was too stunned to cry. I packed my things, but I never gathered enough courage to look for another job. I was afraid of another rebuff.

**At last a wonderful thing happened. Friends told me that there was work for us in factories.**

**I went to an employment exchange and, within twenty-four hours, I was in a factory undergoing training for my present job.**

Now again I feel one with my British friends. I have been bombed out of my home—for me it was as if I was now united with the British in face of common danger.

One of the girls in the factory offered me a bed in her room. They all understand me now. They know I am not an enemy alien.

**And I feel that every finished uniform that I pass on to the supervisor brings nearer the day of a crushing Nazi defeat—and freedom for my imprisoned husband.**

---

● The band of experts dealing with readers' queries will handle any subject, other than medical, on which you care to write.

The procedure is simple. Merely address your enquiry to JOHN BULL'S FREE ADVICE SERVICE, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing with it a stamped, addressed envelope.

Don't let that Financial, Insurance, or Sporting matter puzzle you further. Write to JOHN BULL about it!

## The Smile of Confidence

We've got to smile these days but let's be careful of our smiles. Whatever risks we run, we need not risk our teeth. Above all don't risk using a tooth-paste which uses abrasives to secure whiteness It must wear away that thin white line of enamel which alone prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste to-night. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All dentists know Odol is absolutely safe yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

*Keep the winning*

**Odol**

Tooth-paste 7½, 1/3, 1/10½ Solid Dentifrice, 7½. Including Purchase Tax.

*Smile!*

## A single aim

Digger is blended to suit the man who prefers a "full bodied" tobacco. We do not expect it to please everyone, but we do know more smokers buy Digger than any other tobacco of its type. Such success is evidence of its fine qualities and is one sound reason why we commend Digger to all who enjoy a "full strength" tobacco.

**PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS**

FLAKE · SHAG MIXTURE · PLUG HONEYDEW

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Your Chemist recommends—

**CALVEX**

BRAND'S CARBOLIC **OINTMENT**

He knows good how it is

*Your first aid*

**CALVEX OINTMENT**

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## Revitalise your KIDNEYS

and you'll feel young—look young.

Nothing ages man or woman more than aches caused through bad kidney action. This makes you suffer from **Getting up Nights, Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Backache, Leg Pains, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite, Energy, etc.**, because kidneys which should filter blood fail to throw off acids and poisons, now creeping to joints and muscles. In 24 hours Cystex kills kidney germs, strengthens kidneys and expels acids and poisons. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors or any Chemist, **1/3, 3/-** and **6/-** (plus Tax) on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

**Cystex** Kidneys, Rheumatism

**OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather**

*"Yer know, I dreamt last night that Hitler's double had been doin' everythin' up to now, and when Hitler 'imself got back 'e was furious about it!"*

# THE LAST LAUGH

WEARY WILLIE (Gosberton).—"Give me a nice tropical island and I'll need nothing more." What about the fare to get to it?

D. M. (King's Langley).—"After all, it's no use offering a boy a painted doll, is it?" Well, not before he's seventeen or so.

MRS. H. (Leominster).—"The store manageress was really most impudent when I told her I wanted something to improve my appearance." Did she suggest a veil?

S. O. (Northenden).—"I liked her very well, but she was not the sort of person you would give your name to." Not your right name, anyway.

COMEDIAN (Kingswear).—"I have decided not to go on tour in South Africa after all." Has someone reminded you that ostrich eggs weigh 3 lbs. each?

SALESMAN (Teignmouth).—"I got two orders from the manager of a very important store last week." One to get out and the other to stay out?

A. C. (Holbeach).—"What are enterprises which depend upon implicit faith for their success?" Love, democracy and shepherd's pie.

V. R. (Rickmansworth).—"No woman is really modern unless she has a vanity case and a cigarette case." And a divorce case.

J. L. (Uxbridge).—"I've never had a quarrel with my wife that I could not smooth over on the spot." Nice to have a banking account the size of yours.

D. K. (Godmanchester).—"She was wearing the most beautiful clothes, and I must say she looked good to me." But apparently she wasn't.

W. E. (Southminster).—"I have written to you dozens of times making various offers but you have refused all of them. Is your reply always going to be in the negative?" No.

B. B. (Forest Row).—"Do you ever have the ordeal of going into a gown shop to look for something in women's clothing?" We never try it on. They don't encourage flirting with the assistants.

L. B. (Wandsworth).—"I wonder why so many women are considered careful drivers?" Well, they get a lot of practice at staying under thirty.

MISS N. (Chichester).—"Everyone seems to admire my fresh complexion." More than the previous one?

MR. F. (Portchester).—"My wife has always wanted me to invite my typist to the house for a cup of tea, so I am asking her to come over next week." See letter below.

MRS. F. (Portchester).—"I am going off for a month's holiday at the end of this week." See letter above.

N. B. (Rosyth). — "Manners among people have improved a bit, but not enough." That's right. There are still some parents who speak disrespectfully of their children.

MRS. K. (London, S.W.).—My laundry is terrible. They returned my lovely lace curtains looking like anything but curtains." You should patronise our laundry. Send 'em your sheets and they'll come back looking like lace curtains

B. M. (Watford).—"My letter has been long and informative and I hope now you've read it you know something more about the animal kingdom." Thanks; but may we point out that an octopus is *not* an eight-legged cat?

## *Side-Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

GLASGOW BULLETIN:—"... on a charge alleging that he accepted a BRIDE."

PETERBOROUGH ADVERTISER:—"... was charged with travelling on the L.N.E.R. from London to ——— WITH paying."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"Women passengers also left behind fourteen WRIST WATCHERS."


# WHAT DOCTORS ADVISE FOR "Growing Up" Girls

Many mothers do not realise that their daughters' so-called "natural" pains, sick headaches and listlessness are not natural at all. Science now finds that much of the trouble is simply the result of poisonous waste in the system.

What doctors advise mothers to do at this period is to help Nature get rid of these poisons in a safe, gentle and harmless way. Simply give your daughter the "natural" laxative known as 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a delicious-tasting liquid containing the juices of fresh, whole, sun-ripened figs. And what it does for your daughter will amaze you.

Quickly you will see her recover health and energy. New cheerfulness will replace nervous, crying spells. Headaches and other painful symptoms vanish. It's a wonderful thing to watch, as thousands of mothers can tell you. You can buy 'California Syrup of Figs' everywhere—1/5 and 2/10 (including Purchase Tax). Just try it. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.



# IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath: Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause: Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/5 and 3/5.



# HOW TO END PILES

## A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

Try this remedy today.

FREE SAMPLE, sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.14, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

# £200 BULLETS WITH BIG NEW CASH OFFER TO XWORDS £125

PRIZES VALUE £200

£50 FIRST PRIZE | £10 | £4 | £2 | 29/- | 27/- | 3 of 25/- | 60 of 2/-

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,278. F. Read, 30, Junction Road, Hulme, Manchester. Example: "BE OFF." Bullet: "WHAT CHANCE—none "—ance."

£50: T. R. Babb (AC/1 926103), R.A.F. Station, Somewhere-in-Britain. Example: Man We Must Give Bullet: "Aid," But Gibbon—Him!

£10: B. G. Webb, "Arnold," Grosvenor Rd., Hunnington. Example: Will to Britain Bullet: Every Briton—Every Spencer.

£4: C. Smith, 3, Dove Lane, Ilkeston. What's Colney Go—Don't Win, Although "Sitting"!

20s.: H. Hills, Silver, nr. Wallworth.

20s.: C. W. Kennedy, 84, Cranston Av., Bexhill-on-Sea. Will "Do British—Go—Fit" Hitler Good.

20s.: F. Graham, 32, Jasper Av., Bramhall, Cheshire. Hims—"Bogged," Just So "Him."

20s.: E. Wilson, 231, Temple St., Sheffield. Sheffee—Delaying Hitler's "Battalion," Too.

20s.: E. Postlethite, 11, Oldsby Av., Ouniform.

Hon. 20 Next Week—Eight "Bullets"—Hint "Bullets."

£2: E. J. Fishlock, 96, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey. Bullet—Hint "Bullets, To Defeat."

20s.: Miss S. J. Preston, 4, Westgate, Skelmers. Skelmo—Go Bryan "Staying Quite."

20s.: G. J. Read, 62, Ambleside Av., South Park, Gosforth. Hon.—"Bridge" Him Out Preston.

20s.: W. A. Bell, 9, South Cres., Third. Bullet, Bell—Rest—And Unsilent Unit!

20s.: R. M. Sanderson, "Swanala," Holyhead Rd., Wellington, Heroes. This Season—Hitler Time'll Shelve Gunnell!

20s.: Miss E. Vale, "High Gable," The Pathway, Redhill. Bump Bungle Bluish—Nobody—And "Go Things."

A list of 25 Winners of 20s. can be seen at these offices. The 1,500 Merit Awards have also been posted.

## TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples and you have made a Bullet. Make each of your efforts sparkle like the latest prize-winners given below. That's the way to win this week's First Prize, bringing a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, July 4.

**ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"**

JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB
BADGE OF THE HUNS
NEVER BEATEN
TO BELIEVE THE PRESSURE
SHOWS THERE'S A WAR ON
EAGERLY AWAITED
A.R.P. ARMY
FATE OF MANKIND
WHEREVER WE GO
VICHY GOVERNMENT
MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN, BUT
NERVOUS WRECK
EASY
ROLE OF HUMAN KINDNESS
HEROIC FIGHT
GETTING AWAY WITH IT
PISTOL AT OUR HEADS
BRIDGING
A SUBMARK DEAL
HE'S A WANGLER, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHY HITLER'S .....
..... FOR BABY
..... OF TO-DAY
TO PAY FOR THE .....
TELL THE ..... AND
GIRL WITH A .....

EXTRA AWARDS WHERE GIVEN £20

Each of the 45 odd winners who entered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
E. .....
EX. .....
E. .....

These 2 FREE with 4 you, thus giving 6 Bullets for 1s.

Make joint entry equally eligible.

I agree to enter in accordance with the printed conditions P.O. or stamps value 1s. (6 rate of 6d. for each two extra Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

1,278 Closing Postmark MONDAY, JUNE 23

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

## GET YOUR GUIDE TO SUCCESS

for Bullets & Xwords.

A FIFTY YEARS' thing to space provided and enclose with "Bullets" or Xword Entry Then - make sure of your 3,500 - word guide is on-coss in "Bullets" 6 Month

Affix 1d. STAMP for your copy of "Bullets" and Gazette.

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WIN a "Bumper Cheque by answering 25 questions! Then they are in the absorbing puzzle below—and ten minutes with these clues may well bring you that £100!

PRIZES VALUE £125

£100 FIRST PRIZE | RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 230

| CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in "entry" columns. | 5p Entry-fee for Kol | 5p | 5p | 5p |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Most schoolboys know the feeling of being this | C A ED | | | |
| Coiner can't afford to show his to audience | CAR SO | | | |
| Work of some officials involves many a long one on duty | SOUR | | | |
| Few refinery get an high as this | OP | | | |
| Drug which will turn out to be this is the kind doctor seeks | URE | | | |
| Meeting with these un-read, resulting usually means shoes with holes | CUR ES | | | |
| Having to put up with heavy one may prove great handicap to farmer | LOA | | | |
| Starving people will do almost anything for | PE CE | | | |
| In its moth there is commonly a cause to strain liquid | FIL ER | | | |
| Romantic youth thinks commercial world is all this | RAB | | | |
| One expects such an animal to be made fuss of | LAM | | | |
| Is apt to let you down at difficult moment | TYR | | | |
| If sun is shining brightly, it may make this number in the open | AI ING | | | |
| If dirty it is apt to spoil good record | TR CK | | | |
| Gardener's work will suffer if he doesn't do this | EST | | | |

PLAIN PAPER

Send in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 2 solutions submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible — same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 23

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and conditions necessary P.O. value ....., P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

## RULES

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Awards (First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, but in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Award Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 2d. per two Xword columns used. P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co.), write name and address on back. Coupons must be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are accepted only on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRIES: "Bullets" No. 1,278 —or Xword No. 230, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

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SO tremendous is the response to "JOHN BULL'S" Great War Time Book Opportunity, that the Publishers have had to make special arrangements to cope with the demand. A Limited Edition is now being printed, and YOU MUST ORDER AT ONCE if you want to be sure of getting your copy. The story of the war goes on, in thrilling pictures and words. This is the first volume available in book of "JOHN BULL'S" tremendous war work.

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★ You would expect to pay at least Half a Guinea for this book. But it is of such great national importance that "John Bull" makes it available to every reader at the low price of 3/3. You need no money down, but you must order at once before the Limited Edition is sold out. Only one copy can be supplied to each reader. This notice may not be repeated, and all applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.

In this unforgettable volume, now on the press, in which every word counts, from dedication to end, no one in the air is spoken words. A permanent record of the greatest war in history in which every civilian is in the front line—an indispensable detailed chronicle of day-to-day events.

Actual size of the volume is 11 inches deep, by 8½ inches wide. It is handsomely bound in dove grey cloth, embossed on the spine in Gold. The frontispiece is a brilliant specially-drawn portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill.

For this amazing book all you send, after you receive your invoice, is only 3/3 plus 1/- which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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On receipt of Order-Label, you will be sent an Invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this Invoice, together with your remittance, and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid, to your home address as soon as off the press. Post the Form on right at once.

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British Business War — The Home Front — The Battle of Britain — Etc., etc., etc.

# Here's GOOD NEWS of 'ASPRO' Service

## Nurses' Tribute

## Evacuee Mothers HELPED!

*Dear Sirs,—I find so much scope for 'ASPRO' in these times of Air-Raids. It is remarkable how your preparation will calm a patient when they are near panic.*

*Thanking you for the interest that you have always shown towards the Nursing Profession.*

*I am,*
*Yours faithfully,*
*V. D. (S.R.C. Nurse).*

Nurse V. D. has since written as follows :— . . . We still have a lot of evacuees coming from —— and an 'ASPRO' is a Godsend to a worn mother.
(Name and address withheld for professional reasons.)

*'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.*

Made in England by
**ASPRO LIMITED**
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There's always good news in the 'ASPRO' mail bag—news of nerves soothed—sleeplessness overcome—pain banished — colds, rheumatic twinges, neuralgia, etc., dispelled. Every day we get letters that make us feel proud that 'ASPRO' is rendering so much service—giving so much comfort to the people—helping to keep the wheels of industry turning full speed. Published in our advertisements their good news is conveyed to a vast public. Many are helped by reading them. Encouraged to try 'ASPRO' for themselves they find new health, new hope and courage to GET ON WITH THE JOB in Services, in factory, in field or the home. We suggest you read these letters yourself. They contain :—

## a Message for you!

### Never Away From Work Now

J. H. CRAMPTON writes from 125 Whippendell Road, Watford, Herts. :—"I should like to express my grateful thanks for your 'ASPRO' tablets and the benefits I have derived from them. I used to suffer very bad every year from rheumatism and had so much time away from work that I was afraid of being discharged owing to so many illnesses. Now, thanks to your tablets which I would not be without, am thankful to say that as soon as I feel the slightest twinge and take some of your tablets the pain goes. I am never without them in the house now and never hesitate to recommend them to all my friends and anyone else who has any complaints. Wishing you all the best of success for 'ASPRO'."

### Welfare Worker Praises Quick Action

H. WITHINGTON, of Partington, Cheshire, writes :—"We are constantly asked for 'ASPRO' tablets by our shift workers, who call them the 'WONDER TABLET' for their quick action."

### 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent

### TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC
AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR
TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH.

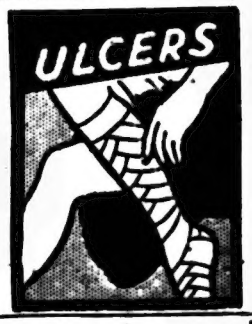
ASPRO

PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX
3½D · 7D · 1/5 · 2/10

# Germolene

BRAND ASEPTIC OINTMENT

## HEALS BAD LEG




Why be confined to your house with a bad leg? Read this amazing tribute to *Germolene*.
*"I had been suffering for a long time with an Ulcer on my shin—my leg was red raw and my foot badly swollen," says J.M. "I used Germolene twice a day and now my leg is healed."*
Skin troubles cannot resist the healing power of *Germolene*. No home is complete without this world renowned remedy—especially at the present time. Get a tin to-day and forget your skin troubles.

**Sold Everywhere**
**7d., 1/5, 3/5 & 13/8 per tin.**

# NO NEED TO BLACK OUT YOUR TEETH

Give your teeth a shine with

**Gibbs** DENTIFRICE

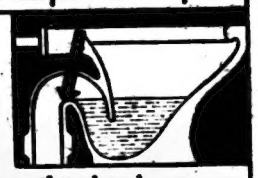
7½ and 1/3 Including Tax
Prices U.K. only

CLEANS BEST — LASTS LONGEST

B. & W. GIBBS LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDX.

# TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

1 Sprinkle Harpic into the pan



2 It reaches this bend...

3 Flush the pan. It's clean and sanitary.

IT'S good to know that the lavatory can be kept spotless easily and quickly just by Harpic. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

# "I am Now Full of Life & Energy and GO TO IT with TONS of RESERVE STRENGTH"

## I Tried a Small Bottle and, Believe Me, the Results Were Unbelievable

### I HAVE RECOMMENDED YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets TO AT LEAST 4 FRIENDS

April 27th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

May I take this opportunity of thanking you for giving me through Yeast-Vite a new lease of life, as it were.

I am employed at a large aircraft factory, and am in charge of a large number of men in the rebuilding of damaged famous Hurricanes.

Some time ago I felt I was losing my grip on things; no doubt due to 12 hours a day and 7 days a week for 7 months without a break. I tried various tonics, but they did me no good, and having seen your advertisements for Yeast-Vite I tried a small bottle and, believe me, the results were unbelievable.

I am now full of life and energy and "Go to it" with tons of reserve strength, and feel so fresh at night I have volunteered for fire-watching 3 nights a week.

I have recommended Yeast-Vite Tablets to at least four other friends who are taking them regularly, and I shall most certainly keep them in my pocket always.

Thanking you once again,
I am, Sirs,
(Sgd.) H. D.

### "I CAN SAY VERY TRUTHFULLY"

Derby,
April 28th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I am 73 years old, and having taken Yeast-Vite Tablets I can say very truthfully I have derived great benefit from them. I shall continue to take them whilst they are obtainable.

(Sgd.) Mrs. H. P.

*Edinburgh,*
*May 5th, 1941.*

*Dear Sirs,*

*I am finding Yeast-Vite Tablets splendid in these worrying times. I recommend them as often as I can.*

*(Sgd.) Sister L. (S.R.N.)*

* * *

*Nottingham,*
*May 5th, 1941.*

*Dear Sirs,*

*Apart from never being without Yeast-Vite Tablets myself, I never forget to keep on recommending them, and know of many people who are more than grateful for them.*

*(Sgd.) Nurse M. (S.R.N.)*

### "Splendid Tonic for Nerves and Insomnia"

Weymouth,
April 29th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

I write to tell you what a splendid tonic I find Yeast-Vite Tablets to be for nerves and insomnia, and shall recommend them whenever possible.

(Sgd.) F. S.

### 79 FEELS 40

Forest Hill, S.E.23,
April 30th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,

In time of peace I reside in Brussels.

For years I was always unwell, and whatever I took did not relieve me, till one day a friend advised me to try your Yeast-Vite. I did so, and am pleased to tell you that after a short time I found relief.

Though I am 79, I feel as well as I did when 40.

You can, if you desire, use this among your other numerous attestations.

(Sgd.) E. W.

### Accept This Offer!

***If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/5 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YFAST-VITE brand tablets, 7d., 1/5, 3/5, and 5/8, including Purchase Tax. Sold Everywhere.***

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